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CHAPTER III.

I Find the Key to the Puzzle.

I lay for some time where I had fallen, nursing my bruises and reflecting with bitterness upon the singular gratitude of princes. I was dazed by the suddenness, the unexpectedness, of it all. What had I done that I should be treated so? And then, in a breath, a flash of light broke in upon me and brought me to my feet. What was it Letourge had said, "He will finish the work he began in the Rue Gogard." The Rue Gogard—but that was where I had met Claire. Could it be that it was Letourge and M. le Comte whom I had resisted there; that it was into the face of M. le Comte himself that white-hot iron had seared? I shuddered as I recalled the hiss of the iron into his flesh, the smell of burning, his cry of agony! Small wonder he should thirst for vengeance! Death on the gibbet would be merciful beside the torture which he had suffered and which he must suffer still.

I sat down again to think it out. Yes, there could be no doubt of it—I had been blind not to see it before. The man in armor had been styled "M. le Comte" in Duval's room; he had called his companion Gaspard, and it was Gaspard whom he had cursed from his bed. Gaspard, of course, was Letourge. And then Duval's despair when I had told him who I was—oh, there could be no doubt of it! And, in a flash, I saw the full peril of my position.

Here, then, was I, Paul de Marsan, about to be hanged by order of the Comte de Cadillac, whose family we of Marsan had served faithfully for two centuries and more, and whose favor I had thought to win. It had remained for me to be the first to betray him—though how was I to know?—and to be the first of the Marsans to die with a rope about his neck. I saw tumbling about my ears all those pretty castles in the air which I had spent so much time in building while floating along the Midouze or taking a lesson with the sword from old Maitre Perigneau, who had tested his art by my father's side—and my grandfather's, as well—in a hundred combats. It is not a pleasant thing when one is only twenty, with a heart warm for adventure, to see just ahead the end of the path—and such an end! More shaken than I cared to own, I rose again to my feet and determined to find out the nature of this place into which I had been cast. Perhaps I might yet escape, and M. le Counte would be less vengeful once his wound had healed.

The cell was not large, as I discovered by feeling my way along the walls, all of great stones, delicately fitted,—ten feet square at the most,—and the low, iron-studded door the only opening. Plainly, I could not go out until that door was opened, and the path from it to the gibbet seemed like to be a short one. I stood for a time leaning against it; at last, overcome by weariness and despair, I sank into one corner and dropped into a troubled sleep.

Then, of a sudden, I awoke to feel my wrists seized by iron hands and twisted behind me. I struggled till my heart seemed like to burst, certain that this was the end, but those great hands clung to me and would not be shaken off.

"Hold him so," a voice whispered, and the hands tightened.

I lay still, the sweat starting from my forehead, waiting the blow that would end it. A hand tore the doublet from my breast,—there was a moment's silence broken only by the crackling of a paper,—then the voice whispered again,—

"Strike him!"

A great blow fell upon my head. I opened my eyes to find a tall fellow bending over me and dashing water in to my face. Another stood nearby holding a torch. A flare of light came from the doorway, and I heard voices and the clank of arms without.

"He's coming round," said the fellow with the torch, seeing my eyes open. "He must have struck his head when we pitched him in here. Lucky for us his skull is thick. Again, Blatot."

And the other deluged me again with water.

I sat upright, sputtering, dazed, suffocated.

"What is it?" I asked, so soon as I could get my breath. 'Do you wish to choke me?"

"No, we'll leave that to the hangman," answered Blatot grimly. "Just now we are to take you before M. le Comte. I advise you to go quietly."

"I will go gladly," I said, for I had feared another answer. Besides, now that I held the key to the puzzle, I might find a way out. "Lead the way."

They fell into place about me and we toiled up the steps to the hall above. As we reached the stairhead I saw it was full day. Down the hall we turned, into the room where I had first met d'Aurilly, and across it to the chamber beyond.

It was crowded with M. le Comte's retainers, and they must have got some wind of my adventure, for a hum of anger greeted my entrance. M. le Comte himself was seated in a great fauteuil, his face still bandaged, but seemingly giving him less pain than it had the night before. D'Aurilly stood beside him, and he smiled maliciously as he noted my torn and disordered clothing, drenched with water, and the bruises on my head and face. Plainly he had not forgot that blow on the mouth—at which I did not greatly wonder, for neither should I have forgot it.

"M. de Marsan," said M. le Comte, when I stood before him, "I have had you brought here in place of ordering you straight to the gallows that you may answer certain questions I have to ask of you. 'Twill be wise on your part to answer them fully and truthfully."

"I shall be glad to answer every question Monsieur may please to ask," I answered, overjoyed that he should begin so mildly. "I shall be only too happy to tell Monsieur everything I know."

"That is well," and his brow cleared a little. "You may perhaps yet save your neck. Now answer me. Where was it you last saw the Duc de Roquefort?"

"M. le Comte," I answered simply, "I have never in my whole life seen the Duc de Roquefort."

His brow contracted and he brought his hand down with a crash upon the arm of his chair.

"By God! M. de Marsan," he cried, "you seem to set small value on that head of yours! You will be denying next that it was you who came to the rescue of that cursed, cowardly henchman of his, Brissac, just when I had him where he must have given up certain papers. You will be denying that it was you who spitted Bastien, who caused me to suffer this wound across the face," and he pointed to his bandaged cheek with a terrible gesture that sent the blood back to the heart.

"I deny nothing, Monsieur," I protested, 'but I beg you to believe that I did not know it was you I was resisting or your enemies I was aiding."

"M. le Comte," broke in d'Aurilly, with an evil light in his eyes, "has not this farce gone far enough? Why keep this liar longer from the rope?"

"Why, indeed?" repeated M. le Comte, looking at me darkly. "Do you persist in your denials, M. de Marsan?"

And then of a sudden I remembered the message. With feevrish fingers I sought to draw it from my bosom—it was not there! In a flash I understood—the assault in the dungeon, the tearing of my doublet, the rustling of a paper!

"It has been stolen!" I cried hoarsely, my throat on fire. "Some one has stolen it from me!"

I caught d'Aurilly's eyes on mine, and my heart grew hot with hate as I marked the sneer on his lips.

"What hath been stolen?" demanded M. le Comte impatiently. "No tricks, M. de Marsan!"

I clinched my hands to still their trembling, until the blood started beneath the nails.

"M. le Comte," I began, "hear me to the end. I came to Montauban from Marsan as fast as horse could carry me that I might place in your hand a message which concerns you deeply. You know what my reception was, but you do not know that after I had been thrown into yonder dungeon someone crept upon me while I slept and tore the message from me. See, here is where I carried it. You have a traitor in your house, Monsieur!"

His face was red, and I could hear the stir in the circle of men-at-arms behind me. Only d'Aurilly laughed harshly.

"A pretty story!" he cried. "A brazen lie! Does not your patience near an end, M. le Comte?"

But I looked only at my master. Surely he must see that I spoke truth!

"M. le Comte will remember," I concluded, "that I told him of this message in his sleeping-room, but he would not hear me out. The one who robbed me must have known I carried it, yet I told no one save yourself, the sentry at the outer door, M. Letourge and—the Victomte d'Aurilly."

I was looking full at d'Aurilly now, and I think he read the meaning of my look, for his face went white, and I could see his hand gripping his sword-hilt. And in that instant I knew who the traitor was!

"God God, M. le Comte!" he burst out, "do you permit us to be insulted by this coundrel?"

But my master waved him to silence. His face was very stern and his voice cold as steel when he spoke again.

"You make grave charges, M. de Marsan," he said; "so grave that either your head or another's will fall. Do you know the contents of this messagee?"

"I do, Monsieur," I answered, and I saw d'Aurilly go white again. "I have been trying to tell it you. I learned it by rote that I might repeat it in case I was intercepted and so compelled to destroy it. I had not foreseen it would be stolen from me at my journey's end."

"Well, repeat it then, man!" he cried, moving in his seat uneasily. "Out with it!"

"'M. le Duc de Roquefort,'" I repeated, "'has learned of the presence of Madame la Comstesse at the Chateau de Cadillac, together with Mademoiselle, her daughter. He has learned also that not above thirty men can be mustered to defend the place. He designs to carry it by surprise and to take prisoner Madame and Mademoiselle, confident that with them as hostages he can secure certain concessions from M. le Comte. There is need of haste!'"

I could hear the crowd behind me breathing hard. A murmur of rage and astonishment ran from mouth to mouth, and I caught the rattle of a hundred scabbards as hand fell to hilt. M. le Comte was trembling with emotion.

"And the signature!" he cried, bending down from his chair till his eyes glared into mine. "The signature!"

"I know nothing of the signature," I said. "It was not given to me."

"But whence came the message? Prove to me that it is genuine—that it may be believed!"

"M. le Comte," I said, as calmly as I could, for the blood was beginning to sing in my ears, "permit me to tell my story. Three nights ago a stranger rode up to Marsan. He bore the message which I have just repeated. My father, who recognized the messenger by some secret sign which I know nothing of, ordered out his horse at once that he himself might bring it to Montauban. But my father is growing old, as you know, Monsieur; besides, in cold, wet weather his wounds trouble him greatly. I begged that I might come in his stead. I was eager to be of service to our master—to prove to him my loyalty and address. At last my father yielded. I should have his horse. The stranger gave me the paper sealed. He repeated to me its contents—three, four times, until I knew them word for word. Then he sprang to horse and disappeared in the night. Five minutes later I was on the road to Montauban. By noon of the next day I had reached the Losse, and here I was compelled to stop to rest my horse. Evening saw me en route again. At midnight I reached Comdan; dawn found me at Lestoure. An hour's rest, and I passed on. At noon I had reached the Garonne. I forded it, and thought soon to reach Montauban, when, of a sudden, my horse fell lame. He grew worse at every step, until he was no longer able to proceed. There was no house in sight, so I left him by the roadside and hastened on afoot. As evening came I entered Montauban from the west."

I paused a moment at what I had yet to tell.

"Yes, yes!" cried my listener. "Continue; and then?"

"And then, M. le Comte," I said, "as I was hastening along the Rue Gogard a woman burst from a gate and appealed to me for help. Without pausing to reflect, I followed her. The rest you know."

He sat for a moment looking at me.

"In faith, Monsieur," he said at last, "if what you say is true,—and it hath a certain ring of truth about it,—you are not so greatly at fault as I had thought. I reprieve you from the gallows till I have tested your story. M. de Fronsac," he added, to a young man who stood near by, "I commit M. de Marsan to your care. See that he does not escape."

Fronsac bowed and took his place at my side.

"See that he is provided with new equipage," added M. le Comte, with a gleam of humor in his eyes as he looked at me; "he hath need of it." And then he rose from his seat and his voice took on a sterner ring. "Messieurs," he cried "you have heard this message, and can guess how nearly it touches us. Whether it be true or false, we shall soon determine. Arm yourselves!"

D'Aurilly, leaning on his chair, interrupted him.

"Do you mean, M. le Comte," he asked disdainfully, "that you intend to go forth on this fool's errand?"

My master shot bim a swift glance, in which I saw suspicion spring to life.

"It may be, as you say, a fool's errand, M. Le Vicomte," he answered. "Should it prove so, this liar will lose his head. But should it appear that he spoke the truth,"—he paused, his eyes still on d'Aurilly,—"should it appear that he spoke truth, it will not be his head that fals. In either case, a spy and traitor will get his dues."

D'Aurilly's eyes were on the floor, but he kept countenance well.

"I am quite ready for the test, M. le Comte," he said quietly. "Nothing will delight me more than to see a traitor get his dues."

"Nor me," assented M. le Comte, and looked at him a moment longer. Then he turned again to his men with fire in his eyes: "Arm yourselves, Messieurs!" he cried. "In twenty minutes we must be en route to Cadillac. Should this dog of a Roquefort, who dares fight only women, have been there before us, we will follow him even to his den in the Pyrenees and drag him forth like the cur he is! A outrance!"

They heard him with gleaming eyes and mantling cheeks. I could hear their swords rattling, eager to leap from the sheath. The lust of blood was on them, and they caught up the cry as their master ended.

"A outrance!"

Up and down the corridors it echoed as they rushed for the door, cheering, shouting, cursing. They bore the news along the hall and out into the court, whence, in a moment, again came the cry,—

"A outrance!"

And the good people of Montauban, hearing it, hurried to their home and barred their doors, for they knew that the hounds of Cadillac were loose again.

CHAPTER IV.

I Meet a Kindred Spirit.

How it thrilled me—that cry echoing up and down the corridors! What would I not have given for the chance to ride forth, thigh to thigh with these lusty ruffians, to give and take blows! Instead of that, here was I a prisoner—and at that thought my eyes turned to my companion.

He laughed as he caught my glance. "Come, M. de Marsan," he said, "your face is an open book. You are longing to fare out with these bloodletters. You heard M. le Comte instruct me to secure you a new equipage. Besides, I doubt not you stand in need of meat and drink, as well. So come,—for twenty minutes is not a long time."

His last words, spoken after a moment's teasing hesitation, brought the hot blood leaping to my cheek.

"Twenty minutes!" I stammered. "We go also, then, Monsieur?"

"Assuredly," he laughed. "Come."

I followed him from the room blindly, unable to speak, trembling with excitement. What a chance! What fortune! I would show whether I or that cursed, hawk-faced d'Aurilly was to be believed! It made my blood boil to think of his cool insolence—his black treachery,—for in my heart of hearts I was certain that it was he who had stolen my letter—but to prove it, there was the problem!

Down the stairs we went to a great room piled with arms, where a mob of crazy men were already choosing what they needed. With great joy I found my own sword among a pile of others,—its leather scabbard did not proclaim the Toledo within, thank heaven!—and in five minutes was armed with pistolets and poinard, clothed in a very handsome suit of black, with great boots, whose spurs clanked most merrily as I rattled down the stairs behind my friend—for such, even in the few minutes I had known him, I was determined he should be.

"Now for food," he said, and I was not sorry to follow him to a room on the lower floor where there was a long table piled with meat and drink. "In faith, I have need of it myself," he added, as he dropped into the seat at my right, but his appetite was far from keeping pace with mine.

As I ate I looked at him, and my heart warmed to his frank face and honest eyes. Young he still was, not more than a year or two my senior,—but there was that in his air which proclaimed the soldier and man of affairs, accustomed to the smiles of fortune and quite ready to coerce her should she attempt to turn her face away. I had already realized my helplessness without a friend in this great house, and I blessed the chance that had thrown me into this man's keeping.

"Do you know, M. de Marsan," he said suddenly, "I was quite moved by that little tale of yours. I was certain that M. le Comte could not doubt it."

"Thank you, Monsieur,' I answered. "I mean to prove that it is true."

"And I am sure you will succeed," he said heartily. "But, my faith, how unfortunate it was that you should happen along the Rue Gogard just when you did! A moment earlier or later, and M. le Comte would perhaps be in position to bring the Duc de Roquefort to his knees. Small wonder he was vexed with you—more especially since he received that hideous scar across the face, which will stay with him always."

"I regret that I was such a marplot," I said, "but I could not well do other than I did. When a woman asks for aid—"

"And a young and pretty woman, was she not, Marsan?" queried my companion, smiling at me broadly.

"Yes," I admitted, "young and pretty. Do you know her, Monsieur?"

He smiled more broadly still.

"I think I can guess. Did you not hear her name,"

"The man who was with her called her Claire."

He nodded.

"That is she. Small wonder you leaped to follow her! Claire de Brissac, but six months out of the good sisters' keeping, yet already the toast of the whole valley of the Garonne. It has never been my good fortune to meet her, but such tales as we have heard! 'Tis said Roquefort himself is mad about her, and a month since Humor had them wedded, but at the last the affair hung fire—through some caprice on her part, 'tis said. She would do well to wed him while she can," he added. He may not choose to call a priest the second time."

"But her father," I said, "her uncle—will not they protect her?"

Fronsac laughed.

"Her uncle—pouf! He is nothing—a man of words—a man of some wit perhaps, but a man who cleans Roquefort's shoes. He has no spirit, not even enough to compel the girl's obedience, else had she been Madame la Duchasse long ere this. Her father was a man, though,—Sieur de Brissac,—perhaps you have heard of him? He stood upright at Roquefort's side, eye to eye, and his daughter hath his spirit. Great pity he is dead.

"It behooves Roquefort to marry," continued Fronsac after a moment. "He has no issue. His next of kin is a cousin—a Spaniard whom he hates. He hath been married once,—a virago from Valladolid, where his cousin also dwells. She made his life a burden, 'tis said, and with it all gave him no children. 'Twas more than man could bear. One morning she was found dead at the cliff-foot—an ugly story."

I understood now why Brissac's face had hardened when he had scented a romance in the air. He destined the girl for other things—for a higher place. I could not blame him, and yet—and yet. . .

"But what was Brissac's business here?" I asked at length.

"There are strange rumors afoot, Marsan," and my companion lowered his voice and glanced about to see that no one else could hear. "It is said that Roquefort, who, living there in the Pyrenees is already more than half Spanish, is trying to persuade the towns of the Midi to revolt against the King and aid an army of invasion which Spain will provide. Brissac, 'tis said, came to Montauban to spread the intrigue here, where there is already a very pretty nest of heretics and malcontents. Fortunately, M. le Comte has a friend in Roquefort's household—as you should know, since you brought a message from him—and learned of Brissac's mission. This mission, you understand, this plan of Roquefort's is all in the air—there is no proof of it; but M. le Comte believed there were in Brissac's keeping certain papers which would give all the proof needed. So he determined to corner Brissac, examine his papers, and if he found the ones he sought, lay them before the King. Besides, M. le Comte could kill two birds with one stone—he would do his King a signal service, and by the same stroke be rid forever of his enemy. But it was a matter which required finesse—so he determined himself to execute the clever little coup which you spoiled yestereve."

"Yes, yes," I said, understanding for the first time, and fell a moment silent, turning over this bit of news. "Monsieur," I asked, "what is the cause of the feud between the houses of Cadillac and Roquefort?"

Fronsac shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not know," he answered. "It hath been in the blood for a century. It started, I have heard, in some absurd question of precedence. It is the old story of the frog and the mouse who found it impossible to dwell in peace together. If Roquefort hath sacked Cadillac, there will be some merry work ere we return to Montauban."

I smiled, for this was my first campaign, and it pleased me mightily. Besides, I had not only to win my spurs, but to prove also to M. le Comte that I was no liar.

"Monsieur," I said, "permit me to assure you that you will have no cause to watch me. I am too anxious to see this expedition through. My honor is at stake, and I mean to prove that it is not I but another who is the traitor. But tell me something of the Vicomte d'Aurilly. How comes he in this household?"

I could feel my companion's eyes searching my face, but I did not meet his gaze, fearing that he might read my thought.

"The Vicomte d'Aurilly," he said quietly at last, "belongs to one of the oldest families of the Basses Pyrenees. Unhappily, the fortunes of his house have declined greatly, but this has not lessened his pride, as you may have perceived. He is in this household because he is a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Valerie, only daughter of M. le Comte."

For a moment I saw my theory falling into bits. If d'Aurilly were a suitor for Mademoiselle, why should he seek to betray her into Roquefort's hands?

"Only," added my companion, in a lower tone and with a certain look that drew from me a second glance, "I believe he is an unsuccessful suitor. It is said that M. le Comte had the goodness to consult his daughter in the matter and that she would have none of it."

Well, that was different—that gave me the key to d'Aurilly's motive! There was a tone in my companion's voice which drew my eyes again to his face—he was staring at the table before him, distraught, seeing nothing. It seemed to me that I could read his secret, and of a sudden I determined to tell him my theory. I glanced around and saw that the room was almost empty.

"M. de Fronsac," I began, "for what I am about to tell you I have no proof, yet I believe my self not far beside the mark. And first let me assure you on my honor that I am what I claim to be, Paul de Marsan liege to M. le Comte, and that I brought a message to him. That message was stolen from me, as you have heard. I believe, monsieur, that d'Aurilly was the thief."

My companion started round upon me, all his glood in his face.

"I believe, furthermore," I added "that it was d'Aurilly who informed Roquefort of the defenseless condition of Cadillac. Perhaps he hath determined that if he cannot get mademoiselle in one way he will get her in another."

Fronsac sat for a moment looking at me, his eyes dark, his brows knitted.

"Soul of God!" he breathed at last. "If you should be right! How M. le Comte's wrath would search him out and consume him! Yet, if he succeed, he will have Mademoiselle Valerie for hostage—he could dictate terms. What a plot—The more one thinks of it the prettier it grows!" Then he turned to me suddenly. "M. de Marsan," he said impetuously, "we must be friends. We two, alone, must see about the unveiling of this scoundrel."

He held out his hand with frank earnestness and I grasped it warmly.

"Nothing would please me more, monsieur," I said with a great lightening of the heart. "I covet you for a friend."

"And I you."

I looked into his eyes and read truth and manhood there. So it was settled.

I could see that he was in a fever of impatience to be off, and just as I pushed my platter from me the call to horse sounded from without. When M. le Comte said twenty minutes he meant twenty minutes and not an instant more. And woe to all laggards! So we hurried down into the court, where there was a great tangle of men and beasts. Through this we pushed my companion leading the way, to the place where our horses, which he had ordered from the stables, awaited us. My mount was a great mettlesome sorrel, and I looked him over with exultation, for we had none such in our stable at Marsan.

A moment later M. le Comte himself strode down the steps into the court, his face still bandaged, and gave the signal to mount. We sprang to saddle on the instant, and it was wo derful to see how that mob resolved itself into a little army. Out through the gate we swung, three hundred strong, the standards—azure, on a bend or a laurel tree sinople—floating gayly in front.

The great gate clanged shut behind us, and I saw that even a small garrison could hold the place ho admiralty was it fitted for defense. The sun was shining from a sky unclouded and we made a brave show as we clattered through the narrow streets of the town, the crowd looking on from either side. Some of them cheered, but the most were silent and gazed at us with no friendly eyes, and I saw that, even in Montauban M. le Comte's couch was not an easy one. At last we were out in the open country and struck into a gait which soon left the walls far behind.

I glanced back for a last look at the town and saw M. le Comte riding moodily along near the rear of the column. To this left rode Sieur Letourge, to his right d'Aurilly.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS IN JANUARY

Mars Begins the Year As a Morning Star--- Saturn Is the Only Bright Planet in a Favorable Position--- 1911 Shall Be An Interesting Year.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle, University of Pennsylvania.

The year 1911 will be a most interesting one of those who enjoy watching the heavens. Except at its very beginning two bright planets will always be visible in the evening sky, and at one time no less than four may be seen at once. This is in strong contrast to the year which has just ended, during the greater part of which the brighter planets all were morning stars. The aspects of these beautiful bodies as they change their positions with reference to each other and move over the heavens among the stars will be most interesting and striking, even to those who know but little about astronomy.

During the whole of January the only bright planet in a favorable position in the early evening is the beautiful Saturn, which shines out high up in the heavens, a little west of the meridian. But already the far more brilliant Venus has really appeared, and as it climbs steadily upward among the stars it will grow brighter and brighter, until it far exceeds in brilliancy any other object in the heavens. At this time many inquiries will ask the astronomers and the newspapers to tell them what the very bright star is which is shining in the west.

On January 1 Venus is so small a distance to the east of the sun that it sets only 38 minutes after sunset, and even by the end of the month it will have moved out so little that this time is only increased to about one hour. It may then be seen shining in the twilight glow, low down, near the ground, in the southwest. But after this its motion becomes very rapid, and by July 9 it has mounted so high that it is seen for more than three hours after sunset. It attains its greatest brightness on August 10, and soon after this runs so rapidly toward the sun again that by September 15 it passes to the right of this body and becomes a morning star. On October 22 it attains its greatest brilliancy in the morning sky.

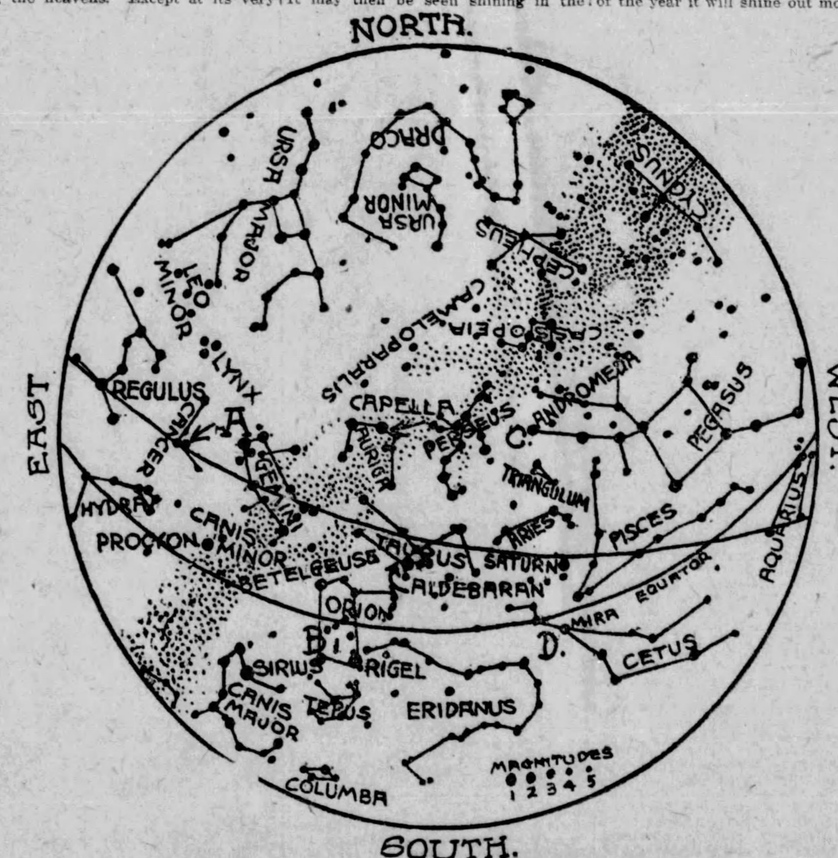

Figure 1.—The Constellations at 9 p. m. January 1. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold East below; if facing west hold West below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

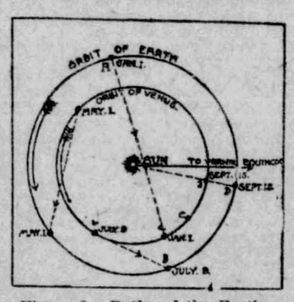

Figure 2.—Paths of the Earth and Venus around the sun during the year 1911.

In Figure 2 the paths of Venus and the earth about the sun are shown and the positions of the two planets in their paths at these different dates. On January 1 the earth is at A, and Venus is almost in line with the sun at A; on July 9 the earth is at B and Venus at b, and, finally, on September 15, Venus passes between the earth and sun at d and becomes a morning star.

As Venus mounts up the western heavens Saturn will be seen steadily sinking. For a few months the two beautiful objects will draw nearer to each other, until on March 29 Saturn will pass below and to the west of Venus. Soon afterward the beautiful ringed planet will move to the west of the sun and become a morning star. During September, however, it will again return, and will be seen entering the evening sky in the east just as the bright Venus is leaving it in the west. Throughout the entire year the rings of Saturn will appear to steadily widen out, until they seem to nearly inclose the entire ball of the planet.

The planet Jupiter, with its retinue of bright little moons, moves into the evening sky in the southeast during March, and from then until November this beautiful world remains with us. At first Jupiter will be seen in the southeast and Venus in the northwest. During June Jupiter will pass to the west of the meridian, and by August 10, on which date Venus is most brilliant, it will have drawn within only three hours of the latter planet. Before it can overtake it, however, Venus will enter the evening sky.

The red planet Mars begins the year as a morning star and moves so slowly westward that it cannot be seen in the early evening until October. It will then be a very conspicuous object low in the northwest, and by the end of the year it will shine out most brilliantly in the south. By this time Jupiter and Venus will have both disappeared, but Saturn will again have entered the evening sky. A remarkable approach of Mars and Saturn will occur on August 16. The two bodies will then seem to be so close together in the heavens that they will look like a brilliant double star. On November 24 Mars will attain its least distance from the earth, and it will, therefore, at this time be most favorably situated for observation.

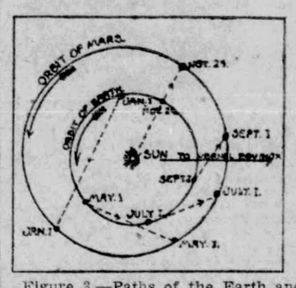

Figure 3.—Paths of the Earth and Mars around the sun during the year 1911.

The January Stars.

During the early evenings of the first month of the new year none of these bright and interesting planets are yet visible to us. But they can be spared the more readily, as the evening sky is now more brilliantly filled with stars than at any other time. All the bright winter constellations are high in the south, and Orion, the most magnificent group of all, has reached its highest position in the heavens. This is the last month until next August that the Milky Way may be seen extending exactly overhead, for soon the winter branch will begin to sink toward the west, not to be completely replaced by the summer branch until the summer is nearly over.

Regulus, Sirius, Procyon, Betelgeuse, Rigel and Aldebaran, the six intensely brilliant winter stars, fill the heavens in the southeast, while the bright Capella now shines out exactly overhead. In the western sky are the bright Cassiopoea, Andromeda and the Great Square of Pegasus, and in the northwest the Northern Cross is just beginning to sink below the ground. During the month the faint, little-known groups of the Lynx, the Lesser Lion, the Camelopard and the River may be well traced out. The owner of a small telescope should not fail to examine the interesting star cluster at A, the Great Nebula at B, the beautiful double star at C and the remarkable variable star at D. He will notice that the last star, which was so very bright last August, has now grown very faint.

The Planets in January.

Saturn, which is still in Cetus, is excellently situated for observation. On January 2 it ceases its slow westward motion among the stars and begins to move eastward. The rings are now widely opened out, and it is a wonderful and beautiful object when viewed with a moderately large telescope.

Toward the end of the month Venus will be seen for nearly an hour after sunset, low down in the southwestern sky. As the planet is now near the point a of its orbit (Figure 2), it is a great distance from the earth and appears as a very small moon in the telescope. As the months go on its change of phase forms a most interesting study even with a very small telescope. When it reaches c and becomes a beautiful, narrow, silvery crescent it will be so much nearer the earth than it is now that it will look six times as large. When in this position it is often seen that the boundary between day and night on the planet is not an even line. The night side is sometimes most remarkably and irregularly lighted up by twilight, exactly as the earth is sometimes lighted for a long time by twilight after the sun has set, especially in summer. This shows conclusively that around Venus there is a very heavy atmosphere.

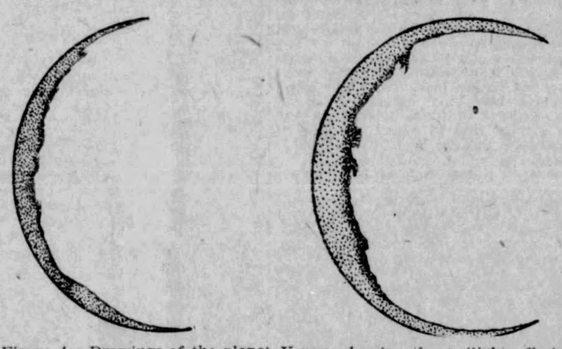

Figure 4.—Drawings of the planet Venus, showing the twilight effects along the inner edge.

ERIC DOOLITTLE.

A Maine Man's Home-Made Mittens

Portland Argus.

A pair of home made mittens is prized very highly by Postmaster C. B. Haskell, of Pittsfield. They were presented to Mr. Haskell over 15 years ago when he was proprietor of the Pittsfield Advertiser by Mrs. Arba Powers, mother of the late ex-Governor and Congressman Llewellyn Powers. They are a work of art in the knitting line, of fancy weave in navy blue and white worsted yarn, and knit in to the wrist band in inch block letters are Mr. Haskell's initials and name. The spacing and perfection of the letters are worthy of special mention. The mitts have never been used by Mr. Haskell.

The Rain.

Oh, gray and tender is the rain,
That drips, drips on the pane.
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs, the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass;
The red flags running wet and straight
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall popular in the rain.

But oh, the hundred things and more.
That come in at the door—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the gray and tender rain.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

CHAPTER JVII.

Meleese.

For many minutes Howland stood waiting as if life had left him. His eyes were on the door, but unseeing. He made no sound, no movement again toward the aperture in the wall. Fate had dealt him the final blow, and when at last he roused himself from its first terrible effect there remained no glimmering of hope within his breast, no thought of the battle he had been making for freedom a short time before. The note fluttered from his fingers and he drew his watch from his pocket and placed it on the table. It was a quarter after 5. There still remained 45 minutes.

Three-quarters of an hour and then—death. There was no doubt in his mind this time. Even in the coyote with eternity staring him in the face he had hoped and fought for life. But here there was no hope, there was to be no fighting. Through one of the black holes in the wall he was to be shot down, with no chance to defend himself, to prove himself innocent. And Meleese—did she, too, believe him guilty of that crime?

He groaned aloud and picked up the note again. Softly he repeated her last words to him: "If God fails to answer my prayers I will still do as I have promised, and follow you." The words seemed to cry aloud his doom. Even Meleese had given up hope. And yet, was there not a deeper significance in her words? He started as if someone had struck him, his eyes ageam. "'I will follow you.'"

He almost sobbed the words this time. His hands trembled and he dropped the paper again on the table and turned his eyes in staring horror toward the door. What did she mean? Would Meleese kill herself if he was murdered by her brothers? He could see no other meaning in her last message to him, and for a time after the chilling significance of her words struck his heart he scarce restrained himself from calling aloud for Jean. If he could but send word back to her, tell her once more of his great love—that she was all of that love was ample reward for all that he had lost and was about to lose, and that it gave him such happiness as he had never known even in this last hour of his torture!

Twice he shouted for Croisset, but there came no response save the hollow echoings of his own voice in the subterranean chambers. After that he began to think more surely. If Meleese was a prisoner in her room, it was probable that Croisset, who was now fully recognized as a traitor at the post, could no longer gain access to her. In some secret way Meleese had contrived to give him the note, and he had performed his last mission for her.

In Howland's breast there grew slowly a feeling of sympathy for the Frenchman. Much that he had not understood was clear to him now. He understood why Meleese had not revealed the names of his assailants to Prince Albert and Wekusko; he understood why she had fled from him after his abduction, and why Jean had so faithfully kept secrecy for her sake. She had fought to save him from her own flesh and blood, and Jean had fought to save him, and in these last minutes of his life he would like to have had Croisset with him that he might have taken his hand and thanked him for what he had done. And because he had fought for him and Meleese the Frenchman's fate was to be almost as terrible as his own. It was he who would fire the fatal shot at six o'clock. Not the brothers, but Jean Croisset, would be his executioner and murderer.

The minutes passed swiftly, and as they went Howland was astonished to find how coolly he awaited the end. He even began to debate with himself as to through which hole the fatal shot would be fired. No matter where he stood he was in the light of the big hanging lamp. There was no obscure or shadowy corner in which for a few moments he might elude his executioner. He even smiled when the thought occurred to him that it was possible to extinguish the light and crawl under the table, thus gaining a momentary delay. But what would that delay avail him? He was anxious for the fatal minute to arrive, and be over.

There were moments of happiness when in the damp horror of his deathchamber there came before him visions of Meleese, grown even sweeter and more lovable, now that he knew how she had sacrificed herself between two great loves—the love of her own people and the love of himself. And at last she had surrendered to him. Was it possible that she could have made that surrender if she, like her brothers, believed him to be the murderer of her father—the son of the man-fiend who had robbed her of a mother? It was impossible, he told himself. She did not believe him guilty. And yet—why had she not given him some such word in her last message to him?

His eyes traveled to the note on the table and he began searching in his coat pockets. In one of them he found the stub of a pencil, and for many minutes after that he was oblivious to the passing of time as he wrote his last words to Meleese. When he had finished he folded the paper and placed it under his watch. At the final moment, before the shot was fired, he would ask Jean to take it. His eyes fell on his watch dial and a cry burst from his lips.

It lacked but ten minutes of the final hour!

Above him he heard faintly the sharp barking of dogs, the hollow sound of men's voices. A moment later there came to him an echo as of swiftly tramping feet, and after that silence.

"Jean," he called tensely. "Ho Jean—Jean Croisset—"

He caught up the paper and ran from one black opening to another, calling the Frenchman's name.

"As you love your God, Jean, as you have a hope of Heaven, take this note to Meleese!" he pleaded. "Jean—Jean Croisset—"

There came no answer, no movement outside, and Howland stilled his

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time ago, M'seur—if I thought that you were the John Howland who murdered the father of Meleese sixteen years ago? God's saints, and I did until hardly more than half an hour ago, when some one came from the South and exploded a mine under our feet. It was the youngest of the three brothers. M'seur we have made a great mistake, and we ask your forgiveness."

In the silence the eyes of the two men met across the table. To Howland it was not the thought that his life was saved that came with the greatest force, but the thought of Meleese, the knowledge that in that hour when all seemed to be lost she was nearer to him than ever. He leaned half over the table, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing. Jean did not understand, for he went on quickly.

"I know it is hard, M'seur. Perhaps it will be impossible for you to forgive a thing like this. We have tried to kill you—kill you by a slow torture, as we thought you deserved. But think for a moment, M'seur, of what happened up here sixteen years ago this winter. I have told you how I choked life from the man-fiend. So I would have choked life from you if it had not been for Meleese. I, too, am guilty. Only six years ago we knew that the right John Howland—the son of the man I slew—was in Montreal, and we sent to seek him this youngest brother, for he had been a long time at school with Meleese and knew the ways of the South better than the others. But he failed to find him at that time, and it was only a short while ago that this brother located you.

"As Our Blessed Lady is my witness, M'seur, it is not strange that he should have taken you for the man we sought, for it is singular that you bear him out like a brother in looks, as I remember the boy. It is true that Francois made a great error when he sent word to his brothers suggesting that if either Gregson or Thorne was put out of the way you would probably be sent into the North. I swear by the Virgin that Meleese knew nothing of this, M'seur. She knew nothing of the schemes by which her brothers drove Gregson and Thorne back into the South. They did not wish to kill them, and yet it was necessary to do something that you might replace one of them, M'seur. They did not make a move alone but that something happened. Gregson lost a finger. Thorne was badly hurt—as you know. Bullets came through their window at night. With Jackpine in their employ it was easy to work on them, and it was not long before they sent down asking for another man to replace them."

For the first time a surge of anger swept through Howland.

"The cowards!" he exclaimed. "A pretty pair, Croisset—to crawl out from under a trap to let another in at the top!"

"Perhaps not so bad as that," said Jean. "They were given to understand that they—and they alone—were not wanted in the country. It may be that they did not think harm would come to you, and so kept quiet about what had happened. It may be, too, that they did not like to have it known that they were running away from danger. Is not that human, M'seur? Anyway, you were detailed to come, and not until then did Meleese know of all that had occurred."

The Frenchman stopped for a moment. The glare had faded from Howland's eyes. The tense lines in his face relaxed.

"I—I—believe I understand everything now, Jean," he said. "You traced the wrong John Howland, that's all. I love Meleese, Jean. I would kill John Howland for her. I want to meet her brothers and shake their hands. I don't blame them. They're men. But, somehow, it hurts to think of her—of Meleese—as—as almost a murderer."

"Mon Dieu, M'seur, has she not saved your life? Listen to this! It was then—when she knew what had happened—that Meleese came to me—whom she had made the happiest man in the world because it was she who brought my Mariane over from Churchill on a visit especially that I might see her and fall in love with her, M'seur—which I did. Meleese came to me—to Jean Croisset—and instead of planning your murder, M'seur she scheemed to save your life—with me—who would have cut you into bits no larger than my finger and fed you to the carrion ravens, who would have choked the life out of you until your eyes bulged in death, as I choked that one up on the Great Slave! Do you understand, M'seur? It was Meleese who came and pleaded with me to save your life—before you had left Chicago, before she had heard more of you than your name, before—"

Croisset hesitated, and stopped.

"Before what, Jean?"

"Before she had learned to love you, M'seur."

"God bless her!" exclaimed Howland.

"You believe this, M'seur?"

"As I believe in a God."

"Then I will tell you what she did, M'seur," he continued in a low voice. "The plan of the brothers was to make you a prisoner near Prince Albert and bring you north. I knew what was to happen then. It was to be a beautiful vengeance, M'seur—a slow tourturing death on the spot where the crime was committed sixteen years ago. But Meleese knew nothing of this. She was made to believe that up here, where the mother and father died, you would be given over to the proper law—to the mounted police who come this way now and then. She is only a girl, M'seur, easily made to believe strange things in such matters as these, else she would have wondered why you were not given to the officers in Prince Albert. It was the eldest brother who thought of her as a lure to bring you out of the town into their hands, and not until the last moment, when they were ready to leave for the South, did she overheard words that aroused her suspicions that they were about to kill you. It was then, M'seur, that she came to me."

"And you, Jean?"

"On the day that Mariane promised to become my wife, M'seur, I promised in Our Blessed Lady's name to repay my debt to Meleese, and the manner of payment came in this fashion. Jackpine, too, was her slave, and so we worked together. Two hours after Meleese and her brothers had left for the South I was following them, shaven of beard and so changed that I was not recognized in the fight on the Great North Trail. Meleese thought that her brothers would make you a prisoner that night without harming you. Her brothers told her how to bring you to their camp. She knew nothing of the ambush until they leaped on you from cover. Not until after the fight, when in their rage at your escape the brothers told her that they had intended to kill you, did she realize fully what she had done. That is all, M'seur. You know what happened after that. She dared not tell you at Wekusko who your enemies were, for those enemies were of her own flesh and blood, and dearer to her than life. She was between two great loves, M'seur—the love for her brothers and—"

Again Jean hesitated.

"And her love for me," finished Howland.

"Yes, her love for you, M'seur."

The two men rose from the table, and for a moment stood with clasped hands in the smoky light of lamp and dawn. In that moment neither heard a tap at the door leading to the room beyond, nor saw the door move gently inward, and Meleese, hesitating, framed in the opening.

It was Howland who spoke first.

"I thank God that all these things have happened, Jean," he said earnestly. "I am glad that for a time you took me for that other John Howland, and that Pierre Thoreau and his brothers schemed to kill me at Prince Albert and Wekusko, for if these things had not occurred as they have I would never have seen Meleese. And now, Jean—"

His ears caught sound of movement, and he turned in time to see Meleese slipping quietly out.

"Meleese!" he called softly. "Meleese!"

In an instant he had darted after her, leaving Jean beside the table. Beyond the door there was only the breaking gloom of the gray morning, but it was enough for him to see faintly the figure of the girl he loved, half turned, half waiting for him. With a cry of joy he sprang forward and gathered her close in his arms.

"Meleese—my Meleese—" he whispeerd.

After that there came no sound from the dawn-lit room beyond but Jean Croisset, still standing by the table, murmured softly to himself: "Our Blessed Lady be praised, for it is all as Jean Croisset would have it—and now I can go to my Mariane!"

(The End.)

Beginning next week The Blade will give its readers the story of "A Sleeping Memory," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, the author of a long list of interesting and mysterious tales.

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Those Who Take Advantage of Dictionary Offer to Get New Atlas Free.

Readers of The Toledo Weekly Blade should take notice today of the advertisement on the eighth page of the free offer made by G. & C. Merriam Company, publishers of Webster's New International Dictionary, which is new from cover to cover, and, as Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, says, is the perfection of the dictionary art.

Those taking advantage of this special offer will receive absolutely free a copy of the 1911 New Reference Atlas of the World, containing new colored maps, showing every country and civil division on the face of the globe, together with latest maps and illustrated description from photographs of the North Polar expeditions, fully indexed, published by one of the best known map publishers in the world at $3 a copy.

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Lo, the Rich Indian.

The Red Man.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately $2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than $1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than $272,000 to the various tribes, besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.

Navigation on the Tigris.

Washington Herald.

"It ought to be of interest to all who would like to see the Mississippi river made navigable the year round to know that the present navigation of the Tigris, the historic stream beside which ancient Babylon stood, and where modern Bagdad now stands, was made possible by a study of the boats in use on the river at St. Louis," said Frederick Simpich, United States consul at Bagdad, Turkey, who is in this country on furlough.

"A big company formed for the purpose of navigating the Tigris sent an Englishman on tour to learn methods employed on rivers of other countries. This man came quietly to St. Louis, took a trip down the Mississippi, and made a careful study of boats of light draught and heavy tonnage. He reported to his employers in favor of the Mississippi boats, and now they are the sort which carry the travelers to and from the place we used to read about when we were children, the home of Ali Baba and the host of characters interesting to juvenile minds."

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Our tea, our coffee, our corks, our bananas, our camphor, our licorice, our pepper, nutmegs and other spices, our silk, some of our cotton, a considerable part of our wool and, strange as it may appear, some part of the onions, potatoes and cheese consumed in the United States are brought from other countries and in many cases from the opposite side of the globe and out of the way parts of the world.

Few people would suppose, for example, that this great agricultural country imports onions, or potatoes, or clover seed, or honey; yet the value of onions imported in 1907 and 1908 was nearly a million dollars in each year, and they came from Egypt, Australia, Japan, the Canary Islands, Uruguay, Cuba, the British West Indies, Bermuda, Canada, Mexico and Spain.

Of potatoes more than $3,500,000 worth were imported in 1909, the largest contributing country being Scotland, with over $1,000,000 worth, and the remainder largely from European countries and, in smaller quantities, from the British West Indies, Australia, and even China and Japan.

Pepper, of course, is not produced in the United States and it is not surprising, therefore, that $2,000,000 worth is imported annually, much of it from the Dutch East Indies, although largely accredited to the Straits Settlement, the southernmost point of eastern Asia, to which this merchandise is transshipped from the East Indian Islands, known a century ago as the "Spice Islands;" while smaller quantities come direct from Netherlands, the country which has for so many years administered the government of those islands and controlled largely their lines of production. Nutmegs, of which the importations amount to $250,000 a year, are also drawn chiefly from the "Spice Islands," or the Dutch East Indies.

Import Much Clover Seed.

One would scarcely expect that such an agricultural country as the United States would find it necessary to import clover seed, but the quantity imported runs as high as 20,000,000 pounds a year, chiefly from Germany and in smaller quantities from France, Italy, and Scotland. Sausage casings, which we would scarcely expect to see imported into a country slaughtering food animals in such large numbers are imported to the value of from two to three million dollars a year, by far the largest contributor being England, from which the importations in 1909 were over one and a half million dollars, the remainder being from widely scattered countries, from Germany, Turkey in Europe, China, Australia, and Turkey in Asia. Natural gas is another article which we would scarcely expect to see imported, yet the importations run as high as $50,000 per annum, being piped across the river from Canada at or near Niagara Falls.

Of the more commonly used articles of which other parts of the world are the chief source, sugar is the largest in value, its importations ranging about 100 million dollars a year from foreign countries and seventy million dollars a year from our own island possessions, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Nearly all of that coming from foreign countries is drawn from Cuba, which supplied us last fiscal year with three and a half billion pounds valued at ninety-three and a half million dollars. Of coffee, the importations range from sixty to seventy-five million dollars a year and in exceptional years as high as one hundred million. The bulk of this comes from Brazil though a considerable portion comes from Java, Mexico, Central America and the northern section of South America, and a comparatively small quantity from Africa. The tea importations, which amount to from twelve to eighteen million dollars a year, come chiefly from Japan, China and India, much of the latter, however, reaching the United States by way of England.

Egypt Gives Us Cotton.

One would scarcely expect to see raw cotton imported into the United States in view of the fact that she produces three-fourths of the cotton of the world, but the value of cotton imports ranges as high as twenty million dollars a year, the bulk of it coming from Egypt, though Mexico and Peru contribute considerable quantities, and India, China, the Dutch East Indies and the British West Indies make small contributions.

All of the raw silk used in the United States in manufacturing the 150 million dollars' worth of silk goods turned out annually by our factories is brought from other parts of the world, chiefly from Japan and China, though in smaller quantities from Italy and France. To the 112 million dollars' worth of hides and skins imported last year, nearly every grand division contributed. Of goat skins alone the imports last year amounted to thirty million dollars, brought from such distant countries as India, China, the Straits Settlements, Persia, Morocco, the Belgian Kongo and Madagascar.

NEW PLAN ON WATER POWER

Interests of People Will Be Protected, Department Believes.

A new form of water power permit and new regulations for water power plants on the national forests were approved recently by the secretary of agriculture. The important changes under the new regulations are, that they provide for the issuance of a preliminary permit which secures to the party making the first application protection during the time necessary to make his final surveys and procure the data for the issuance of the final permit. The new permits will terminate at the expiration of 50 years, unless revoked sooner by the secretary of agriculture, and the charge will be based upon the net horsepower capacity of the plant, beginning with a charge of 10 cents per horsepower during the first year and rising gradually 10 cents per year to $1.00 per horsepower in the tenth year, which charge will continue thereafter. Computed for the 50-year period, the charge under the new permit is about 30 per cent less than that under the old form. Provision is made for a readjustment every ten years of the factors upon which the estimated capacity of the plant is computed. It is believed that the new regulations will encourage extensive water power development in the national forests under provisions which will fully protect the interests of the people.

Grasshoppers Ate the Five-Dollar Bill.

Denver Post.

F. B. Crane walked into the government office with a five dollar bill in his hand, or rather what was left of the bill after the grasshoppers had got through with it. It was picked up on the farm of Potato Clark seven miles from Parker and turned over to Crane for redemption by the treasury department.

From the manner in which the bill was chewed up by the insects it must have been attacked from all sides at once, but the brigade that sailed into the head must have had the sharpest grasshopper teeth, for there was little left of the Indian head that once adorned the bill. When lost it was new and evidently just out of the money making plants of the government.

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FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead kindly give me a recipe for soldering tin and iron, brass and copper?—D., North Tazerville, Va.

I wish somebody would tell me how to make home-made cheese, with rennet.—W., Vadis, W. Va.

We have a five-year-old mare that stands "knuckled over" on her hind legs. She goes through her work well and doesn't get lame. Will somebody tell the cause and give a remedy?—G., Albion, Ill.

We lost a good young cow and upon making an examination found her liver, heart and lungs partly laid in water. Will some reader explain the cause of the water and tell why the gall was abnormally large? She ate well, but a few days before she died she began to bloat. —C., Somerfield, Pa.

SLOW CHURNING

In a recent issue somebody complained about trouble with their churning. This difficulty may be overcome by using a starter. When putting the cream together when starting the churning put in a cup of fresh milk, warm from the cow, or half a cup of buttermilk from the last churning, and set the cream near the stove, in a warm place, until it thickens. When it gets thick churn at once. Don't delay until a more convenient time. I find this trouble more frequent when the cows are stripping. A fresh cow added to the herd will cause the butter to come quickly and more easily than when the cows are all stripping. If the cream is too cold I set the churn in a pan of hot water; if too warm in cold water until the proper temperature is acquired, then the churning is no trouble. I never use a thermometer.—Mrs. L., Port Angeles, Wash.

CURING DRIED BEEF

If F., Berg, N. Dak., will try the following recipe for curing dried beef I think he will never ask for a better way: For 100 pounds take 10 pounds of salt, three ounces of saltpetre and 12 quarts of water, boil and pour on the beef hot. Let stand for 36 hours and then hang up to dry. Smoke to suit taste. We have used this recipe for many years.—Mrs. B.

FARM NOTES

Feed the soil and it will feed you, is the sensible advice by a writer in an exchange.

Begin early next spring to fight the weeds and troublesome grasses in the corn field and there need be no trouble holding them in check during the summer.

One of the best ways to combat weed pests is to prevent their spread. If the horses get a number of burs in their tails or fetlocks, pick them out at once. If the roots of the pea vine collect on the shovels of the cultivator, pull them off before they are carried to other parts of the field.

To produce any crop it requires from three to five hundred pounds to make a pound of dry matter. It is important that soils have a great deal of moisture, and that it is not lost by evaporation. Deep plowing makes soils hold more moisture, and frequent cultivation prevents its loss by evaporation.

Soils should not be worked when they are wet. This is especially true of those which do not have much organic matter. Working some soils when they are too wet and allowing them to bake in the sun really makes brick of the parts turned up, and those parts will be about as productive during the summer as bricks would be.

Cultivate the corn plat after each rain if possible. The rain packs the ground so that it is easy matter for the moisture in the soil below the crust to come to the surface and be lost in the air. By surface cultivation the soil is kept moist for a greater length of time.

Do not work the ground when it is too wet. Enough fertility can be locked up in the sun baked clod to grow a stalk of corn. Nothing is gained by cultivating ground when it is too wet. But few weeds are killed, and the ground which is molested is turned up in such lumps that the soil is not aerated, or a dirt mulch is not established.

Possession is said to be nine points in law. This is certainly true of weeds. When they once get the possession of a field it takes about nine times the labor to get rid of them than would be needed if they had been held in check from the start.

The farm will come nearer running itself than any other institution on earth. What would it be like if the farmer put as much system into it as is put into a modern department store or the modern newspaper? By visiting the farm of the late David Rankin at Tarkio, Mo., or that owned by the Smiths, of Oklahoma, you can see for yourself.

In attempting to improve the productiveness of the soil remember that ground may be rich in plant food and still not be fertile. Clay banks are rich in mineral plant food, but they are not fertile. Before a soil can be fertile it must contain the right amount of organic matter, and before the farmer can increase the fertility of his soil he must apply organic matter.

One of the exchanges says that $1,000 net income on the farm is better than an income of $5,000 in the city. Of course, many of our readers will not believe that, but it is true nevertheless. The man who has $1,000 clear on the farm after all expenses are paid had better not change places with the city man whose total income does not exceed $3,000, and out of which he has to pay expenses.

The farmer should not spend all his time studying what it takes to constitute a good ear of corn and then pick out the little, deformed potatoes to plant. Remember that like produces like, and if large potatoes are desired it is just as logical to conclude that large, healthy seed should be planted as it is to plant properly formed and vigorous corn.

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Women Attain Fame as Texas Farmers

In the new development of the Southwest, which is becoming much like the growth in the west, women are taking an important part. To three Texas widows belongs much of the credit for the growth of San Antonio, and another woman has done much to further the onion industry, which brought the growers of her district, Laredo, hundreds of thousands of dollars last year. The four have amassed great fortunes as a result of the pioneer efforts.

The women are Mrs. Roxanna Gunter, Mrs. G. B. Moore, Mrs. Elizabeth Kampmann and Mrs. Edward C. Dodd, the latter known as the Texas Onion Queen. All were wives of cattlemen, whose deaths occurred prior to the era of agricultural development in Texas. Mrs. Gunter, with J. L. Hart, the business associate of her husband, has erected two buildings on Houston street in San Antonio out of the profits resulting from small farm development in her large land holdings. One of these structures is the new Gunter Hotel, which is to stand as a monument to the cattleman after whom it is named.

Mrs. Dodd's farm is one of the most highly productive and well managed properties in eastern Texas. It comprises 650 acres and the majority of the acreage is devoted to the cultivation of different varieties of the Bermuda onion. Mrs. Dodd was the first woman in the South to prove the success in Texas soil of the red Bermuda onion. Her farm borders on the Rio Grande River, from which water is derived for irrigating purposes. She was one of the first farmers in Texas to harness the waters of the Rio Grande and install a modern pumping station. This plant is operated by electricity, and has a capacity of 3,500 gallons per minute. The pumping plant returns a handsome annual income through furnishing water to other growers in the vicinity of Laredo. Last year Mrs. Dodd obtained from less than three acres 1,985 crates of Bermuda onions.

FAILURES FEWER

12,652 Firms and Individuals Forced to the Wall During Year 1910.

Commercial failures in the United States during the year 1910, according to statistics compiled by R. G. Dun & Co., numbered 12,652 with defaulted liabilities amounting to $201,764,097. In number of failures the record for the past year shows a decrease as compared with 1909, when the number of 12,924, and a much larger dease as compared with the 1908 total of 15,690. The amount of liabilities, however, showed an increase as compared with 1909, when the total defaults aggregated $154,803,465, but a decrease as compared with 1908, the total that year having been $222,315,684.

Of the 12,652 defaults in 1910 there were 260 for $100,000 or more, the aggregate liabilities of these being $102,276,758, so that 51 per cent of the dafulted liabilities of the year were represented by only 2 per cent of the defaulting firms. The average amount of each failure was $15,945, comparing with $11,864 in 1909, $14,169 in 1908 and $16,834 in 1907.

Manufacturing Failures Increase.

Analyzing last year's defaults by branches of business, the returns show that in the manufacturing division there were 3,280 failures, with total liabilities of $80,916,885, as compared with 3,031 failures with liabilities of $64,716,548 in 1909, 3,827 for $86,829,015 in 1908 and 2,942 for $106,640,444 in 1907, the record therefore showing marked improvement with respect to the amount of liabilities as compared with the two latter years. Of these manufacturing defaults 158 were for $100,000 or more, aggregating $51,557,168 in liabilities.

The mercantile or trading defaults of the year numbered 8,929 with aggregate liabilities of $74,990,993, as compared with 9,524 insolvencies with liabilities of $69,064,703 in 1909 and 11,272 for $91,661,957 in 1908. As compared with both of the two preceding years therefore, the record for 1910 in this class may be regarded as fairly favorable. Of the trading defaults 85 were for $100,000 or more, aggregating $17,930,662.

The number of failures and amount of liabilities last year and 1909 in different sections of the country are compared below:

	Number.		Liabilities.	
	1910.	1909.	1910.	1909.
New Eng..	1,095	1,170	$8,045,764	$12,348,788
Middle.....	3,474	2,880	36,580,072	58,830,281
South.....	2,200	2,630	29,559,428	27,574,965
So. West..	1,089	1,120	11,904,740	9,564,269
Cl West..	2,260	2,805	34,520,947	27,560,267
No. West..	1,232	1,182	10,937,668	10,268,394
Pacific....	1,222	1,328	9,902,478	8,216,501

Keep an account of every hour's time needed to prepare the ground, plant the seed, tend the crop and harvest the grain. To this add a reasonable amount for wear and tear of machinery and the legal rate of interest upon the money invested in the land. When the crop is harvested figure the number of bushels, at the prevailing market. If the expense account exceeds the other, then set about to increase the productiveness of the land so that it will produce more the year following.

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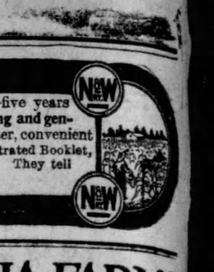

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Big Facts of the World

HALF the world makes no pretense of keeping records of its births and deaths or even of its population in detail. That carelessness upsets all attempts to do anything more than estimate the most interesting facts in the world changes of a year.

But in a broad way, using only round figures, it is well within the truth to say that 45,000,000 human beings were born in 1910. There may have been 50,000,000. Not less than 35,000,000 died. The number may be 40,000,000.

It is impossible to tell how many Chinese, for example, died last year, or how many were born. There are no vital statistics in by far the larger part of Africa. South America makes only local and incomplete records covering the changes in the population—two or three countries excepted. Asia, as a general rule, furnishes no statistics of value on such points.

That is why no one can be certain whether the earth has 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 more inhabitants than it had a year ago. The larger number is probably nearer the truth.

In a dozen civilized countries—the United States, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, the United Kingdom, Canada, Argentina, Italy, Spain, Belgium, the Netherlands and Japan—the increase in 1910 was not less than 7,500,000. It may have been 8,000,000. Except in famine years the growth of British India is rapid and there are gains in many other lands, among them Egypt, Mexico, Java, Brazil, Australia, British South Africa, New Zealand, Chile, Sweden, Bulgaria and Algeria.

To feed 1,500,000,000 men, women and children the world raised not less than 18,000,000,000 bushels of grain. Corn, wheat, oats, rice, rye and barley furnished about 16,000,000,000 bushels, guessing at the rice crop of China. The remainder was produced in many countries, and it included millet, sorghum, buckwheat and other grains.

In dealing with the domestic animals of the world it is necessary to come down from billions to millions, but the figures remain vast almost beyond understanding. Again it is impossible to do more than estimate totals, because many countries, including China, Persia, Afghanistan, Bolivia, Ecuador and lesser new world states and also much the greater part of Africa, do no livestock censustaking.

Sheep are the most numerous of the animals classed as livestock. No one has attempted a dog census of the world, or even an estimate of the dog population. It might exceed the number of sheep, and the dogs are mostly "domestic animals."

The sheep number about 580,000,000 with some extensive countries not included for lack of data. Australia, with 88,000,000; Argentina, with 67,000,000, and the United States with 57,000,000, rank highest in flocks. European Russia and Asiatic Turkey are believed to have about 45,000,000 sheep for each country.

Cattle come next to sheep in number and far exceed them in value. Of about 450,000,000 in the world British India has 91,000,000, counting buffaloes with the other cattle. This country is second, with about 70,000,000, and Russia third with 36,000,000. Argentina and Brazil are believed to stand about even, with 30,000,000 for each.

There are less than 150,000,000 swine in the world, wild hogs, of course, excluded. The United States has about one-third of that number, Germany is second with about 22,000,000. European Russia counts 11,000,000. The total for the three countries named is about 83,000,000, or much over half of the world's stock.

Horses are estimated at about 95,000,000, with several countries calculated as carefully as possible. European Russia and the United States stand at the top of the list, each having over 20,000,000. Argentina is credited with 8,000,000. Asiatic Russia with 7,000,000 and Germany with 4,000,000.

This country owns over half of the world's 7,500,000 mules, but it cuts a small figure in goats, of which the earth supports about 100,000,000, and the United States can claim no share in the 15,000,000 domesticated buffaloes.

Imagine the care and feeding of these animals even those that do not find their living foraging in the open or in fields. It is one of the gigantic tasks of the world.

DEER AND EAGLE

Westminster Gazette.

There is a belief widely diffused among men who see much of deer and deer forests in the Highlands that the eagles will follow on deer for a long way until they get one of them more or less by itself in a path on the side of a precipice, and will then dash at it with the aim, often successful, of forcing it off the path to a fatal fall down the cliffside.

This is a common article of faith, but it does not seem possible to get any first eye evidence for the fact. This, however, the present writer has seen—three eagles "waiting on" over a hind and calf for several miles and until the whole cortege went right out of sight around the corner of the hill.

The calf appeared to be the real object of the eagles' attack and it may have been only fancy, but certainly it seemed to me as if there was a preconcerted or systematic method in the eagles' behavior, as if the bird or birds on the side of the hind further from the calf swooped at her with the idea of distracting her attention from it in order to give the one on the other side a chance to strike the calf; but the hind seemed almost as quick in her movements as the eagles themselves, now and then rearing up on her hind legs and stabbing at the birds with her forefeet whenever they swooped in front of her.

She would turn a moment to the bird at one side and then would be back again on the instant with her baby, which for its part appeared to realize the danger and did its best to keep close to the protection of its mother. So the running fight went on as long as my glass could show it and the end of it is conjectural; but it is obvious that if it is the habit of eagles thus to "wait on" the deer for a favorable moment for attack (and no doubt this is their occasional way) this would be quite good enough foundation for the theory that they wait deliberately till they have them on a steep cliffside in order to force and terrify them over and down it. That is the probable explanation, and it comes to about the same thing as the theory of the stalkers and gillies as far as the physical features of the affair go.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS

I would like to have you give a list of the national holidays in the United States and when they occur.—J. C. B., Waldsboro, Me.

There is no national holiday, not even the Fourth of July. Congress has at various times appointed special holidays. In the second session of the Fifty-third congress it passed an act making Labor Day a public holiday in the District of Columbia, and it has recognized the existence of certain days as holidays for commercial purposes, but, with the exception named, there is no general statute on the subject. The proclamation of the president designating a day of Thanksgiving only makes it a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the territories.

The following are the legal holidays and the states in which they are observed:

January 1, New Year's Day: In all states (including District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico), except Kansas and Massachusetts. (In Maine a bank holiday only legally.)

January 8, Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans: In Louisiana.

January 19, Lee's Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama and Arkansas.

February, Mardi-Gras Day: In the parish of New Orleans, Louisiana.

February 12, Georgia Day: In Georgia.

February 12, Lincoln's Birthday: In California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming.

Februar 22, Washington's Birthday: In all the states, District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico.

February (third Tuesday) Spring Election Day: In Pennsylvania.

March 2, Anniversary of Texan Independence: In Texas.

March 4, Inauguration Day: In District of Columbia in years when a president of the U. S. is inaugurated.

March 25, 1910, Good Friday: In Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee.

April 12, Halifax Independence Resolutions: In North Carolina.

April 13, Thomas Jefferson's Birthday: In Alabama.

April 19, Patriots' Day: In Maine and Massachusetts.

April 21, Anniversary of the Battle of Jacinto: In Texas.

Apr l 26, Confederate Memorial Day: In Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississipi.

May 10, Confederate Memorial Day: In North Carolina and South Carolina.

May (second Friday) Confederate Day: In Tennessee.

May 20, Anniversary of the Signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence: In North Carolina.

May (last Friday) Pioneer Day: In Montana, observed in public schools.

May 30, Decoration Day: In all the states and territories (and District of Columbia) except Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

June 3, Jefferson Davis' Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas and South Carolina. In Louisiana known as "Confederate Memorial Day." In Virginia, in public schools.

July 4, Independence Day: In all the states, District of Columbia and territories.

July 10, Admission Day: In Wyoming.

July 24, Pioneer Day: In Utah.

July (fourth Saturday) Primary Election Day in Texas.

August. Primary Election Days: In Missouri.

August 1. Colorado Day: In Colorado.

August 16. Bennington Battle Day: In Vermont.

September 5, 1910, Labor Day: In all the states and territories (and District of Columbia). In Louisiana, observed in Orleans parish. In Wyoming by proclamation of the governor.

September (first Tuesday), Primary Election Day: In Wisconsin. In Michigan in even years.

September 9. Admission Day: In California.

September 12, "Old Defenders' Day:" In Baltimore, Md.

October 12. Columbus Day: In California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania.

October 31. Admission Day: In Nevada.

November 1. All Saints' Day: In Louisiana.

November —. General Election Day: In Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, (Illinois in Chicago, Springfield and East St. Louis only), Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio (from 5:30 a. m. to 7 p. m. only), Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, in the years when elections are held therein. In 1910 in states holding such elections the date is November 8.

November —, 1910, Thanksgiving Day (usually the fourth Thursday in November): Is observed in all the states and in the District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico, though in some states it is not a statutory holiday.

December 25. Christmas Day: In all the states (except Kansas), District of Columbia and territories.

Sundays and Fast Days are legal holidays in all the states which designate them as such.

There are no statutory holidays in Mississippi, but by common consent the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. In New Mexico, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Flag Day (June 14), and Arbor Day are holidays when so designated by the governor. In South Carolina, Thursday of Fair week is a legal holiday.

Arbor Day is a legal holiday in Arizona, Florida, Maryland, New Mexico, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the day being set by the governor; in Texas, February 22; Nebraska, April 22; Utah, April 15; Rhode Island, second Friday in May; Montana, second Tuesday in May; Georgia, first Friday in December; Colorado and Maine (school holiday only), third Friday in April; in Oklahoma, the Friday following the second Monday in March; in Arkansas, first Saturday in March.

Every Saturday after 12 o'clock noon is a legal holiday in California in public offices, Illinois (in cities of 200,000 or more inhabitants), Maryland, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, the District of Columbia (for banking purposes), and in New Orleans, La., and Charleston, S. C.; in Louisiana in all cities exceeding 15,000 inhabitants; in Missouri in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants; in Tennessee, for state and county officers, and in Colorado during June, July and August; in Indiana, first Saturday in June to last Saturday in October, inclusive, for all public offices in counties having a county seat of 100,000 population or more.

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BILLY SUNDAY

Will you give a sketch of the life of Billy Sunday?—E. A. F., Charlotte, Mich.

William Ashley Sunday, the evangelist, was born at Ames, Ia., Nov. 19, 1863. He was educated in the public schools of Nevada, Ia., and also was a student at Northwestern university. In 1888 Sunday married Helen A. Thompson, of Chicago. He was a professional ball player from 1883 to 1890, being a member of the Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburg teams of the National league. In 1891 he was appointed assistant secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., which position he held until 1895. The following year he became an evangelist. In 1903 Sunday was ordained a Presbyterian minister by the Chicago Presbytery. From 1904 to 1907 he received from 1,000 to 3,000 converts a month. During the past 10 years his total number of conversions was about 10,000

ROBERT OWEN

I would like to have a biographical sketch of Robert Owen printed in these columns.—S. C. M., Lowsville, W. Va.

Robert Owen, the English social theorist, was born May 14, 1771, and died Nov. 17, 1858. He was first engaged in the cotton spinning business, later becoming known as a successful manager of large mills. In 1814 Owen established a company which included the names of William Allen, Joseph Fox and Jeremy Bentham, and other noted philanthropists and reformers. It was organized on the principle "that all profits beyond 5 per cent per annum on the capital invested shall be laid aside for the religious, educational and moral improvement of the workers and of the community at large." The employment of children was stopped, a new system of education established, the houses improved and insurance funds established; and the community of New Lanar, where the mills were situated, became noted for the prosperity of the people. He wrote several books in which he advanced and developed his socialistic views, insisting upon an absolute equality among men. In 1829 Owen gave up the management of the Lanark mills, and devoted his time and entire fortune to the propagation of his socialistic doctrines. He visited the principal towns of Great Britain and the United States, where he was received with favor. He set up two social communities on his own plan, one at Orbiston in Lanarkshire, another at New Harmony in Indiana. They proved signal failures, the originator attributing their non-success to their not being sufficiently carried out on his principles. In his later years Owen became a believer in spiritualism. He was a man thoroughly sincere and respected for his integrity, and is regarded as one of the founders of English socialism.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

Please tell what is meant by postal savings banks and what their object is.—J. P. H., Cooper, Ia.

Postal savings banks are banks established by the government, where small depositors may find a safe place for placing their money. They are for the convenience of the general public. An article in last week's issue of The Blade—eighth page—will give you an idea of the operation of these government institutions.

SECEDING STATES

Please give the names of the states which seceded from the union.—W. W. J., Buckeye, Ariz.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860, Mississippi January 9, 1861; Florida January 10, Alabama January 11, Georgia January 19, Louisiana January 26 and Texas February 1. After the firing on Fort Sumter and the decision of Lincoln and the north to suppress the rebellion by armed force four more states seceded. They were Arkansas May 6, North Carolina May 20, Virginia May 23 and Tennessee June 8.

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES

I would like to know the nicknames of the different states of the United States.—I. B. M., Clark, Neb.

Here are the nicknames of the states, so far as we know them, also the nicknames of the people of the various states:

Alabama—Cotton—Lizards.
Arkansas—Bear—Toothpicks.
California—Golden—Gold Hunters.
Colorado—Centennial—Rovers.
Connecticut—Land of Steady Habits or Nutmeg—Wooden Nutmegs.
Delaware—Diamond or Blue Hen—Muskrats.
Florida—Peninsular—Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Georgia—Empire State of the South—Buzzards or Sandhillers.
Illinois—Prairie or Sucker—Suckers or Egyptians.
Indiana—Hoosier—Hoosiers.
Iowa—Hawkeye—Hawkeyes.
Kansas—Garden of the West—Jay Hawkers.
Kentucky—Corncracker, Blue Grass or Dark and Bloody Ground—Corncrackers or Red Horses.
Louisiana—Creole or Pelican—Creoles.
Maine—Lumber or Pine Tree—Foxes.
Maryland—Old Line—Crawthumpers.
Massachusetts—Baked Beans, Bay State of Old Colony—Beans.
Michigan—Lake or Wolverine—Wolverines.
Minnesota—North Star or Gopher—Gophers.
Mississippi—Bayou—Tadpoles.
Missouri—Puke or Iron—Pukes.
Nebraska—Blackwater—Bugeaters.
Nevada—Silver or Sage Brush—Sage Hens.
New Hampshire—Granite or Switzerland of America—Granite Boys.
New Jersey—Garden—Clam Catchers, Jersey Blues or Foreigners and Spanlards.
New York—Empire and Excelsior—Knickerbockers.
North Carolina—Old North or Turpentine—Tuckoes or Tarheels.
Ohio—Buckeye—Buckeyes.
Oregon—Webfoot Country or Beaver—Hard cases of Web Feet.
Pennsylvania—Keystone—Pennanities or Leatherheads.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody—Gunflints.
South Carolina — Palmetto — Weasels, Sandhillers or Rice Birds.
Tennessee — Volunteer — Butternuts, Whelps or Mudheads.
Texas—Lone Star—Beefheads.
Vermont — Green Mountain — Green Mountain Boys.
Virginia—Mother of President, Mother of States, Old Dominion, or Ancient Dominion—Beadles.
West Virginia—Switzerland of America—Panhandleites.
Wisconsin—Badger—Badgers.

COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS

Please print a description of the Cocos-keeling Islands in the Question Bureau. —T. T. M., Eldred, Pa.

The little horseshoe-shaped cluster of islands called the Cocos-keeling Islands lie south of Java at about the distance of a three days' sail by steamer. The group is little known, but is said to be among the most picturesque in the British empire. The inhabitants number about 600 and are divided between the Cocos natives and coolie laborers from Java. The history of the islands is romantic. A Scotch sailor named Ross landed there in 1825 and established himself as a ruler; in 1851 he hoisted the British flag; but six years later the islands were formally annexed to Great Britain; and authority over them still remains in the hands of the Scotch sailor's descendants. An enlightened civil government is maintained; schools have established; and industries connected with cocoanut and other products are carried on.

MARRIAGEABLE AGES

Please tell how old a person must be in Ohio and West Virginia in order to marry without their parent's consent. —A. S., Cady, O.

In order to marry without the consent of parents in Ohio males must be 21 years of age and females 18. In West Virginia both males and females must have reached the age of 21.

REPUBLICS OF THE WORLD

Please name the countries which have a Republican form of government.—W. L. G., Attalla, Ala.

The republics of the world are Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, Uraguay, Venezuela, France, Switzerland, Liberia, Mexico, and the United States.

MARY J. H. HOLMES

Please give a biographical sketch of Mary Jane Hawes Holmes.—F. S., Cincinnati, O.

Mary Jane Hawes Holmes, the American novelist, was born in Brookfield, Massachusetts. She was married to Daniel Holmes, a lay lawyer of Rockport, New York. She has published many volumes of domestic fiction which have had an extraordinarily wide circulation but in which the literary element is slight.

JOHN PAUL JONES

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give me a sketch of the life of John Paul Jones.—E. S., Clarla, W. Va.

John Paul Jones is now buried in a cemetery in Washington, D. C. John Paul was born July 6, 1747, in Arbigland, Scotland, the son of a poor gardener. The youngest of seven children, and at 12 years of age was sent to sea as the apprentice of a Whitehaven merchant engaged in the American trade. In 1771 or thereabouts he added the name of Jones. A childless old man, Wm. Jones, a planter, in South Carolina, had become his friend, and that he might succeed to the aged man's estates, and out of gratitude and at his benefactor's desire, he assumed the name which became the terror of the seas—John Paul Jones.

The services of John Paul Jones to the American colonies during the revolution are familiar to every schoolboy. For these he received little except thanks. After the revolution Scotland became impossible as a home. He saw service in the West Indies and later became a rear admiral in the Russian navy. From this place he was driven in disgrace by the notorious Prince Potemkin, favorite of the unspeakable profligate Empress Catharine. He retired to Paris, where he died of dropsy at 45, and in 1702 was laid in an unmarked grave only discovered a few years ago.

It was said John Paul Jones was extremely vain, and that he had a high sense of justice. His character is illustrated by an incident told of his conduct in one of the hottest fights of the revolution, when he overheard one of his officers cursing.

"Do not swear, Mr. Stacey," he said. "In another moment we may be in eternity; but let us do our duty."

MISCELLANEOUS

A. P., Acton, Ind.—Make inquiry of the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

D. S. W., Ionia, Mich.—We can give no biography of an Indian named California Joe.

H. G., Bascom, O.—Will Carleton's address is 444 Greene ave., Brooklyn.

H. E., Napoleon, O.—In the last election Harmon received a plurality of 103,000 votes.

L. E. B., Goshen, Ind.—We have published in this paper at various times the information you want about the Panama canal.

M. L. G., Smoot, W. Va.—We can give no biography of J. W. Myers.

L. R., Continental, O.—In 1903 Herricks' plurality was 113,812. Harmon's plurality in the last election was 100,377.

C. C., Lafayette, Ind.—An article on Halloween was published in the Question Bureau of November 17, 1910.

The Literary Man.

Houston Post.

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wee baby's building blocks, three spools of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new waists, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cookbook and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of hand made hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hair brush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture post cards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.

The Power of Music.

Hatford Times.

A manufacturer who made his fortune with "his coat off," as he expressed it, was induced by his daughters to attend a Wagner concert—the first he had ever attended.

The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance who had seen him the night before, who asked: "I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, it took me back to the days of my youth," the father said, with a reminiscent smile.

"Ah! Summer days in the country—girl in a lawn dress—birds singing—and all that!" exclaimed his friend.

"No; the days when I worked in a boiler shop," replied the manufacturer.

On the Senators.

The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently.

Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a waiting motor car.

"Ah, biship," said one of his companions, "you are not like your Master. He was content to ride an ass."

"Yes, and so should I be," Bishop Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all senators."—Ex.

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DOES WHAT MANY DOCTORS CANNOT DO

Prof. Samuels, a Wichita, Kansas, Scientist, Has a Strange Method of Treatment, and Succeeds in Many Cases which Medical Men Pronounce Hopeless.

Science Scores a Notable Victory!

Tuberculosis, Bright's Disease, Epilepsy, Blindness, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Cataracts and Many Other Diseases which the Ordinary Practitioner Regards as Incurable, Yield Promptly to Prof. Samuels' Wonderful Treatment, and His Success is

AN ACKNOWLEDGED MARVEL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

Many of Prof. Samuels' Patients, when Interviewed Concerning His Treatment, Declare It to Be Almost Miraculous in Its Effects, and Vow that He Is the Only Man Who Is Capable of

Saving Many Whom the Doctors Say Must Die!

WICHITA, KAN.—There is nothing in all the world that is more strange and wonderful than the achievements of science, and this seems to have been amply verified of late through the markable work being accomplished by Professor Samuels, an eminent scientist, of Wichita, Kas.

No doubt Professor Samuels' extraordinary achievements have aroused unusual notice becanuse he has been doing things which another class of learned men have tried to make us believe could not be done. From our earliest recollection we have been assured by the doctors that such diseases as consumption, Bright's disease, epilepsy, blindness, etc., were beyond human skill; that palliative treatment in such cases was all that we could expect from the medical practitioner; but to refute all these carefully nurtured theories here comes Professor Samuels with the announcement that he has a scientific treatment which enables him to restore to health many of those suffering from these ills, and to prove that his statements are true he proceeds to relieve scores upon scores of these very cases—the kind the doctors would have us believe are hopelessly incurable.

As might naturally be expected this has made the doctors very bitter against Professor Samuels. Seeing their own glory dimmed by his achievements, they have arrayed themselves against him in the hope that they may be able to divert the people from his highly successful method of treatment; they have gone on the housetops and shouted "Quack!" and "Charlatan!" and "Fake!" in the hope of frightening away the sufferers who fain would escape an untimely grave; they have even caused his arrest on numerous occasions because, not being a man of their own faulty creed, he holds no medical diploma. But despite these acts of injustice and these spiteful persecutions it is noteworthy that Professor Samuels, according to testimonials of his patients, is constantly increasing the number of his wonderful cures. Prosecutions at the instance of jealous physicians have in every case resulted in failure, because those who say they have been cured have come to his rescue and have shown that he has done what the medical men have utterly failed to do. Men and women believed to have stood upon the brink of the grave have gone into court hale and strong, to become living witnesses as to his marvelous ability to relieve consumption, epilepsy, Bright's disease and many other ills which doctors admit are beyond their power to cure. Is it to be wondered at that the malicious work of his enemies should be shorn of its expected fruits under such circumstances? Where could a jury be found that would convict a man of a crime when his only offense had been to relieve the blind, the halt and lame, and assist the enfeebled consumptive to grow strong in the full vigor of health, or the pitiable epileptic to cast off his yoke of affliction?

It is doubtful if another man could be found in all this wide world who has done for afflicted humanity greater deeds of helpfulness than this resourceful scientist, Professor Samuels. It matters not whether he holds a diploma from some medical college; it matters not that his methods of treatment differ widely from those employed by the regular schools. The fact that he has, in his scientific researches, found a means of bringing health and strength to those whom the doctors cannot cure should be sufficient to entitle him to the fullest measure of public confidence and honest approval. And that the public has recognized the wonderful merit of his treatment, and has given him its confidence and patronage, is substantially attested by the great numbers who come or send to him for treatment; and as a large percentage of the cases thus treated claim to be permanently cured it is but natural that his fame should steadily increase and that the medical profession should become alarmed over his great success.

Professor Samuels' unique method of treatment is almost certain to invite skepticism from those of unprogressive minds because it differs radically from the methods employed by physicians and because few people, even among the medical fraternity, are able to understand it. The remedial agents employed are, of course, Professor Samuels' own secret; but it is the manner of their administration which confuses and dumbfounds the people. This treatment consisting simply of the application daily for a few weeks of a few drops of a colorless, odorless liquid to the eyes, established a new departure in therapeutics. There are no powerful or poisonous drugs introduced into the stomach; none of the usual drastic methods of procedure employed; just the simple and unheard-of means of infusing life and vigorous health to the enfeebled organs through the nerve centers—a novel method of absorption which, as the testimonials of his patients attest, rejuvenates the entire system and restores it to its normal functional activity and power. Strange as his method of treatment seems to be, its efficiency is founded upon the simplest scientific elements, and its success in the supposedly incurable diseases indicates that Professor Samuels has completely outdistanced all other medical experts and scientists in his researches, establishing a new departure in therapeutics which bids fair to completely revolutionize the old-time theories now in vogue. As matters stand today, as far as we know Professor Samuels is the only man in the world who knows this strange and marvelous secret, and is the only man who can offer any reliable assurance that sufferers from consumption, epilepsy, Bright's disease and these other maladies regarded as incurable may be restored to health; but his phenomenal success has pointed the way to other scientists in search of life's great truths, and the time will no doubt come when the regular doctor will be compelled to change his code of ethics in order to gain the confidence of afflicted humanity. But until that era dawns Professor Samuels, it is believed, will stand alone as the undisputed champion of a new art in medical healing; the one man to whom the sufferer from the great white plague and other deadly diseases may come with a reasonable hope of being brought out of the shadow of death into the fair sunlight of life.

In his quest for some reliable evidence of Professor Samuels' reputed wonderful cures a representative of the press encountered such an array of confirmatory testimony that he might have found material for a large volume had he so desired. Never in our history as a nation has there been a treatment in medical science that has aroused more enthusiasm and honest fervor among the masses than Professor Samuels' strange treatment has occasioned. As a matter of fact about the only people who were unwilling to ascribe full credit to the great scientist's phenomenal record of results were the doctors, and even some of this class could be fair-minded enough to endorse his method of treatment. Notably among this class were Vere V. Hunt, LL.D. and M. D., formerly division surgeon of the 'Frisco railway at Kildare, Okla., and Dr. W. P. Parr, a well-known physician of Wichita, Kan. Dr. Hunt, who had taken Professor Samuels' treatment for an obstinate nervous disorder with great benefit, warmly endorsed the new method of treatment and advanced the prediction that wonderful results would accrue from its application in the future, when its real value as a therapeutic agent became better known.

Dr. Parr, whose wife states that she has been cured by Professor Samuels of hay fever and a complication of diseases that had made her an invalid for years, and had found no relief in the remedies prescribed by members of his own profession, had th's to say: "Many people refuse to take Professor Samuels' treatment because they do not understand it. Neither do I understand how putting a few drops of clear liquid into the eyes can effect such wonderful results; but it surely does, and that is sufficient. I know my wife was in a fearful condition in July, 1902. I know that her health generally was very bad for many years. I know she took Professor Samuels' treatment after all methods of cure had been tried, and I know that she is in better health every way than she has been for twen

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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DECEMBER WATCH AWARD.

George C. Brown, Jasper, Mich., is awarded the gold watch premium for the month of December. Mr. Brown sent in a list of 166 names.

If a falsehood is repeated often enough it becomes history.

A hint to those who imagine they are wise is insufficient.

Lo, the poor Indian! A squaw was granted a divorce the other day.

The weather bureau should always be given credit for doing its best.

There are fifty ways to cook eggs, but you must first get the hens that lay.

If a girl is wealthy the mole on the back of her neck will never be noticed.

The Lord knows best. Many people have prayed for the election of Bryan.

If the surgeons ever begin operating for bad habits the hospitals will be full all the time.

Among the great productions of last year must be included the Burbank pen that doesn't roll.

When a woman declares that she has nothing to wear she means that she has nothing new.

"Criticism is like a tonic," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But few people ask for a second dose.

A New Jersey hen lays an egg every day but Sunday. It is not stated what denomination she belongs to.

We shall have to wait at least another year before the aviators get above the law of gravitation.

Russia is going to build a $75,000,000 fleet for the Black Sea. Russia is in favor of peace at any price.

In Georgia the best man at a wedding ran away with the bride. But we can't say that the best man won.

Why should anybody want to be President. Mr. Taft had to shake 5,625 hands at his New Year's reception.

Kid McCoy's fifth wife is suing him for divorce. The first Mrs. McCoy seems to have established a precedent.

Another chewing gum trust has been formed. Are none of the necessities of life to remain free from trust domination?

Some people continue to believe in Dr. Cook. This may give others license to look upon Munchausen as a historian.

The man who can carry a baby gracefully will never have to wear a ring on his thumb to indicate that he is married.

California climate is fine for aviation purposes, but the aviators fall just as hard there as in other sections of the country.

We can't help liking the man who thinks that 1911 is going to be a better year than 1910. Optimism is a grand thing.

There must be something marvelous about the Texas climate, after all. The Houston Post reports a "two-year-old yearling."

The government has a favorite whitewash which it recommends to farmers, but President Taft is not in favor of it for senators.

It may please the church-going people to know that 1911 is to have 53 Sundays, but we have no idea how the preachers will like it.

Aviator Paulhan has made $200,000, and he announces that he is satisfied with the earth. He is a wise man who knows when to quit.

At the end of 1911 the fellow who plods along at a steady gait will have accomplished as much as the one who starts out to revolutionize things in 30 days.

Mr. Rockefeller has never suggested the removal of a Chicago University professor. Maybe he has never read what some of them have had to say for publication.

People of Chicago have just been given half a million Bibles. We're glad to note that the idea of sending all the Bibles to the foreign heathen is going out of practice.

The postal savings banks are pretty well scattered throughout the country now, but there is reason to believe that they will spread until they become as common as weather bureaus.

The chief of the government weather bureau wants to install seismographs at twenty stations. The trouble with the seismograph is that the earthquake does its worst before it can be recorded.

TEACHING 'EM COWS.

A Jersey cow is to be added to the curiosities in the Central Park menagerie of New York. This is in order that the children of the metropolis may behold in the flesh that interesting creature of the books and the billboards. Twice a day this cow will be milked in full view of the awed visitors. The source of milk will be made plain and the belief that it is the product of a Newark factory will be dissipated.

This philanthropic inspiration is so bright, so fortunate, that the train of ideas which it obviously suggests ought to be given the most earnest consideration. Would it not be well to have a chicken yard, one of the old-fashioned kind, where hens scold, roosters boast and guinea fowls make noises like rusty well-wheels? Have the New York children ever seen horses without shoes? Probably not. Doubtless they take it for granted that the iron on the hoofs is part of the animal's physiological secretions if they ever think about it at all. Why not have some pigs, grunting and snorting and wallowing and raising families? They ought to be as interesting as the elephants to the little people who have seen elephants often and pigs never at all. There are sheep in Central Park to act as lawn-mowers and goats are not uncommon, but never a dog without a collar and a pedigree. It would be well to put in a stock of the kinds that are not fed from the dinner dishes, which bark at other persons than old ladies and have the ability to propagate colonies of fleas on the under side of a kitchen stove.

The education of New York children is admittedly defective in the matter of things which are commonplaces with other children. The menagerie management has the right idea. The children of Manhattan sometimes grow to maturity and venture off the island. It will not do to have them more than ordinarily frightened by cows, or grieved when they learn that milk isn't absolutely a trust-made article of commerce.

A RARITY.

In a communication from Bishop Montgomery appearing in the "Mission Field" is told an amusing story of a journey by wheelbarrow in China. Says the Bishop:

Are there springs to the barrow? Certainly not; it would be no fun if there were. Bumps? Of course. On the first day we calculated we had 25,000 of them. The best were caused by drops of six inches or more from one stone to another. I got quite used to them and found I could sleep stretched luxuriously on my mattress.

Here is a writing from the pen of one of the rarest of men—a true traveler. He would be the last to journey from one country to the other, sneering and comparing, fault finding and sniffing "we do these things differently where I come from." He would not find one city intolerable because its cars stopped upon a side of the street he wasn't used to catching cars upon. He wouldn't be like the Englishmen, who, giving a public dinner in a tropical land having its own peculiar ideas as to cookery, said: "We'll have roast beef and plum pudding. Nothing nonsensical!" No, he looks at a passenger wheelbarrow and remarks, "How interesting!" He counts the bumps and says, "That'll amuse the folks at home." And when weary of the passing scenery and tired of counting bumps, he stretches out in his wheelbarrow and goes tranquilly to sleep. A real traveler.

SO-CALLED SPORT.

Hubert Latham, the French aviator, went duck hunting in California the other day. Driving his monoplane at high speed he circled above the feeding ground and threw the wild fowl into a panic. The report of the account of the hunt says Latham fired a double barreled shotgun ten times, "killing a few and crippling others." He pursued the birds out to sea, a group of sportsmen standing upon a knoll overlooking the shooting grounds "watching the sport."

The speculation as to the possibilities of aerial navigation has for the most part been inspiring. It has given a rather joyous stimulation to the imagination, given reason for thankfulness to have lived in an age when man has found a new way to go about the face of the earth. But all too soon the ugly possibilities of aeroplan'ng are being revealed. The wild fowl have scarce survived the market hunter, the brute who sets fish lines for them, the plumage hunter, the setting fire of the wild rice and the poisoning of lakes and streams. Now comes the aviator who kills a few and "cripples others," while a "group of sportsmen" watch the "sport." If this is to become common practice, if sportmanship is to suffer this unspeakable degeneracy, the decent minded folk will have a new object of hatred.

SOME TRADE COMPARISONS.

In an article in the Outlook upon the Cape Cod canal, now in the course of construction, appear two statements which should interest the people living along the great lakes:

There has grown up the greatest coastwise trade between two great cities (New York and Boston) anywhere in the world.

To a commerce that now, in round numbers, amounts to twenty-five million tons a year (meaning the New York-Boston coastwise trade) this will save a distance of sixty-six miles, besides the still more valuable consideration of avoiding costly delays in waiting for favorable weather to round the Cape, and averting the dangers that, according to incomplete records for sixty years, have wrecked at least 2,131 vessels and caused the death of something like seven hundred lives.

The great lakes—thank heaven—in spite of their gales, inhospitable shores and uncertainties, have no such record as to vessels lost and lives taken. But let us see how parts of our commerce look as compared with that "enormous intercourse" which has inspired a private corporation to finance and construct the Cape Cod canal. The figures represent the trade of the lakes from the opening of navigation last April up to the end of October, the November and December reports of internal commerce not being available. The figures of the seven months, however, are sufficient for the purpose.

Duluth and Superior together—which in salt water statistics would be counted as one port—shipped 20,715,736 tons of iron ore, or probably very nearly 25,000,000 tons in the season. In addition, they dispatched 369,505 tons of flour, 19,512,859 bushels of wheat, 8,236,998 bushels of barley, 249,383 bushels of rye, 1,676,719 bushels of flaxseed and 249,017 thousand feet of lumber. The great southern pine trade of New York—a source of proud and imposing statistics—amounted to less than 396,269 thousand feet from December 25, 1909, to October 25, 1910. Yet lumber shipping seldom is mentioned as an important Duluth-Superior industry.

The freight carried through the Sault Ste. Marie canal between the opening of navigation last spring and the end of October weighed 56,705,967 tons, or more than two years of the "greatest coastwise trade between two great cities anywhere in the world." In this same period—April to October, 1910, inclusive—60,390,371 tons of freight passed through the Detroit river, a business which the Cape Cod canal will do in slightly less than two and one-half years if no vessels go around Cape Cod in order to escape paying tolls.

The American Lake Erie trade to the end of October is put down in the government reports as 41,617,919 tons receipts and 21,048,791 tons shipments. The whole ring of ports from Buffalo to Detroit and around to Buffalo on the Canadian side hasn't a total population as large as that of New York alone. The shipping trade of Toledo was about one-twelfth the total trade of Lake Erie ports in the period mentioned, but it is more than one-fifth of the yearly "greatest coastwise trade between two great cities anywhere in the world."

There is no reason to complain of the undue prominennce given to salt water trade, but we cannot but wonder what the writers will do in the way of grandiloquent adjectives and figures of speech when they discover the great lakes.

BRINGING OUT THE HOARDS.

One of the strong arguments for the postal savings banks was that, with the government guarantee behind it, the institution would bring into use the millions of idle money which are supposed to be held now in depositories of pillow-slips, mattresses, carpets, teapots, coat-linings, books and holes in the ground. There is some difference of opinion among statistical folk as to how much there really is of this currency. Fortunately for the natural curiosity over this matter, the first of the postal savings banks will be in those districts where the practice of hoarding money is most prevalent. The mining and industrial sections with populations having a large preponderance of southern Europe natives are to "try out" the banks. It will then be seen whether confidence in Uncle Sam can cause abandonment of the old sock as a safety deposit expedient, whether the tobacco cans and hollowed-out chimney bricks will disgorge their treasure. The test will be one not only for the banks, but also of the value the foreigners put upon the American government.

REACTION IN PORTUGAL.

There are rumors that King Manuel's agents in Portugal are preparing to take advantage of unrest among workmen and the dissatisfaction of the military with its rewards for the rebellion, with the aim in view of replacing the banished king upon his throne.

The new republic is not having easy sailing. The task is more than talents of the administrators may succeed in overcoming. The old spirit of corruption lingers. Defense is still made of the policy that authority in government holds a special license to pillage. The soldiers, without whom the revolt had failed, clamor for immediate division of spoils. The treasury is near to beggary, and over the land hangs the shadow of a tremendous national debt. The conditions constitute a wide field for the production of discontent, the flaring forth of new rebellions and the breeding of new difficulties of state. The people in the western hemisphere can only hope that Portugal will conquer her ills. A failure at this time may prove a blow to the spread of Democracy in Europe. The return of Manuel would mean the return of the worst of the old practices, not a restoration of the few virtues which the monarchy could boast. However bad the republic is it must surely be far better than was the old regime.

THE BIRD BUTCHERY.

A lecturer in London told how Hungary, believing that the birds were destroying crops, declared war upon them.

"In five years," said the lecturer, "she was suing frantically for peace. Her old ally returned and, driving out the devastating hordes of insects, proved the salvation of the country."

London is the center of the plumage trade. It is there that the tails of the beautiful lyre-bird of Australia are sent, a bird now nearly extinct. In the markets are examined and classified the plumes of the egret heron, the skins of the emu, the wings of the birds of paradise, those of the humming birds, the gulls and the albatross. It has taken courage to fight an evil where the evil is most profitable.

"Eliminate birds from living organisms," said the lecturer, "and there would be an immediate increase in the number of injurious pests. In time, every tree would be defoliated, all vegetable life destroyed, and, without vegetable life, animal life would be impossible on the earth. In eight years probably, certainly not more than 10, this globe would be a desert."

The campaign for the birds has been going on many years, but little hope may be expected from it until countries suddenly realize what tremendous payments are made in order that women may have wherewith to deck their hats.

WIRELESS WRONGS.

The finances of the wireless have been its greatest affliction. The manner of the promotion of the companies and the floating of their securities has thrown suspicion upon a wonderful discovery and undoubtedly will prove to have been a barrier in the way of its application to practical use.

The wireless telegraph, time after time in the last few years, has demonstrated its worth. It has saved life at sea. It has brought rescuers to sinking vessels. It has warned ships from rocky coasts and kept others from collision. Fleeing criminals have been caught. International troubles have been dodged. The whole world has been made smaller and the peoples of the world have been brought closer together and in closer sympathy. These are amazing achievements for an invention the life of which is scarce 10 years. Consider the use to which the wireless telegraphy had been put if it had not become tainted with high-finance, if the get-rich-quick people had been kept out of it, if its stocks had all been sold in good faith and handled legitimately. As it is the crookedness connected with two or three wireless company promotions and dealings will probably be a source of litigation for years and delay the use and development for a period in which otherwise the wireless might have made itself indispensable.

THE ALASKAN CASES AGAIN.

The secretary of the interior has served as attorney for the Cunningham coal land claimants and he is a close personal friend of several of the members of the group, besides having a sympathetic leaning toward the financial combination which has an option upon the claims to be taken up in case the government grants patents.

It is within the power, and is indeed a part of his responsibilities, to pass upon all claims to mineral rights.

The Cunningham claims have been shown to be of an exceedingly suspicious nature, if not shown absolutely to be fraudulent.

The secretary of the interior has recommended that the cases be placed in the hands of the courts for decision as to their right to patent.

The Pinchot brief says:

No transfer of the Cunningham cases to a court for a decision upon the present record would relieve the executive department of responsibility for failure to have the case against the claimants pressed by attorneys of experience and ability and of omitting to produce all the evidence of fraud available.

The point, we believe, is well taken. It is plain that the secretary of the interior is seeking to squirm away from dis duties. If the claims are just they should be allowed; if tainted the least with fraud they should be thrown out. The recommendations would constitute a transfer from a judge who knows the most intimate parts of the case to one who knows little or nothing about it. Since the secretary hasn't the courage to act for himself, another urgent reason appears for Mr. Taft to call for Mr. Ballinger's resignation.

DISTINCTION IN MORALS.

The New York World tells how Charles F. Murphy, the Boss of Tammany hall, "sits at Delmonico's receiving the petitions of the officeseekers, the delegations of their advocates, the ambassadors of the senatorial candidates. He it is who advises the governor-elect about appointments. He it is who says who shall be the leaders of the Democratic party in the legislature and intrusted with the program of lawmaking. He it is who undertakes to say who shall represent New York in the United States senate."

The World says further:

A change of only 9,000 votes out of nearly 1,500,000 in this Democratic landslide year would have defeated most of the Democratic state ticket and elected most of the Republican ticket.

And this with more than 150,000 Republicans staying away from the polls.

Shall Master Murphy rule at Albany, own a United States senator at Washington, and turn the state over to the Republicans next year and in 1912?

The Democrats carried New York through the aid and influence of Tammany. During the campaign such newspapers as the New York World, which supported the Democratic ticket, made light of the Tammany strength, but took pains not to offend Tammany. But everyone knew just how much was due to Murphy and Tammany—and that was virtually everything.

Interpreting the campaign and the post-election comments of the World one is to assume that it was perfectly moral to take Murphy's helping hand, but outrageously immoral for him to collect a reward.

NOT SO GAME.

A Montana ranchman went down east to get a wife this week. He had corresponded with the lady of his choice, but never beheld her with his eyes. All he had for credentials were the letters and a photograph. But when he got to Maine and saw what he had come so far to see, he grabbed his hat and fled. The lady was not the lady of the photograph.

There was a cattleman once who took it into his head that he was cut out for a pugilist. After some local success he journeyed east in search of new conquests. A fight was arranged with one of the minor celebrities of the ring. After a few flourishes the cowboy realized that his education had been deficient. Fighters out in his country didn't look at each other like hyenas or assume a crouch as if they meant to heave a brick, not a padded mitten. But he danced about and dodged when he could dodge. As the first round closed he received a wallop on the jaw that broke it with a snap. The cowboy took down his guard, and speaking as well as he could through a mouth which wouldn't work according to custom he said:

"Bust the other side, friend. That seems to be what I come for."

It would appear that the breed has changed. It hasn't the same old gameness. If the lady is not up to specifications the cattleman takes to his heels.

THE KINDLY EASTERNERS.

Okanogan county, Wash., is a smiling land. Deep peace lies upon its plains and uplands. The sun, shining from a sky of amethyst, inspires the apples to ambitious rotundity and colors their coats with reds and yellows and pinks that it were almost a sin to bury teeth in. Little towns nestle in the corners of the hills, and in the grocery and hardware stores you hear no politics discussed except of the progressive brand. Yet this Arcadia lacks one comfort, one symbol of contentment. It has no cats.

But Okanogan county is of the true western git-up-an'-git. It purposes having this one last desideratum. It has contracted for cats—in lots of 1,000. It is buying cats by the ton, by the square foot and the running yard. And cats Okanogan county is going to have. For now that people in the east, the south and the middle west have heard of Okanogan's shortage they are writing the orchardists out there that they are prepared and willing and eager to make up the deficiencies. No price is put upon the tabbies. They are dedicated to the cause of civilization and progress. Some ask that the cartage and express charges be paid, but others are more generous. They offer the cats, freight paid, if only Okanogan will receive them and keep them. They are even willing to dispense with an acknowledgement of the receipt of goods. Only take the cats.

Next time Washington grumbles about the greedy and grumbling east we hope it will remember about the gentle rain of cats. Fact is, it may be a long time before Washington can forget it.

BRINGING DOWN A WALL.

From France comes another illustration of the strength of custom, that power that things-as-they-have-always-been-done have over commonsense suggesting change.

The little French soldier is one of the best in the world. He can do a better day's march than any other soldier among the big nations. He carries not only an excessive weight of knapsack, haversack, rifle and other accoutrements, but also very heavy clothes. Other countries than France have long had a service uniform for soldiers which was not only of light weight, but inconspicuous, a uniform which blended into the browns and greens of vegetation and made a difficult mark for riflemen. But France clung to a costume of blue coat and red trousers. There was much to be said in favor of it, declared the army generals. It was attractive, it permitted a detachment of artillery to distinguish the supporting infantry and besides these colors have from time immemorial been a part of military dignity. So the uniform has been retained and not until recently has reluctant admission been made of the advisability of change.

The "established order" has been the wall which has halted progress, held back betterment, confounded reasonableness and broken the hearts of patriots and reformers. It is only now and then that the wall is brought tumbling down. And then mankind proceeds to erect another wall—but happily a little further along the highway.

POMERENE FOR SENATOR.

Ohio has had senators of many kinds but never one of the Atlee Pomerene variety. The state has been through many heated and picturesque senatorial campaigns, but never one like the fight for the senate which ended last week.

From the beginning the contest was extraordinary. The two leading figures appeared, as it were, from nowhere and forthwith assumed that they had the whole matter to settle between themselves.

The state does not yet know by what right Atlee Pomerene and Edward W. Hanley pre-empted the center of the stage. If they were anointed by the high gods on Mt. Parnassus, they lost their credentials on the way back to Ohio. If they sprang full armed from sleeping Jove, the state has missed the family resemblance. If they heard a call in the air to the wind-swept field of joint debate, their wireless receivers were attuned to vibrations the public could not catch.

Now the comedy has ended in what Ohio hopes will not prove a tragedy. Of the two leading candidates the victor is probably the less dangerous to the public interests involved, though no one can be sure just how far or how unwisely Mr. Pomerene will carry his freakishness in politics. He has proved himself a weird candidate, and it is a question how far official responsibilities will moderate his radicalism—of language, at least—and change his pose.

During the campaign just ended he seemed to represent all that is most flighty, unstable, ill-balanced and disturbing in the Democratic party. His oratorical fear of the dollar sign was carried to absurd lengths and if he could be taken at the face value of his fight for the place he has gained it might fairly be said that he embodies the tendencies and elements in his party which are most dangerous to industrial and commercial security and development and most menacing to the welfare of American farmers and wage-earners.

But probably the campaign pose is not to be permanent and the campaign speeches may be subject to liberal discount. Radicalism of the Pomerene type often comes out in the Washington wash or fades when Democrats find themselves in high office.

In this case it is quite evident that the majority of the Democrats in the general assembly did not want to vote for Atlee Pomerene. They did not feel sure that he would wear well in the senate. They had little confidence in his discretion and his views. He was swept into office by the fear of a wave of public sentiment which played the game of the Democratic radicals. This tide may ebb and carry out to sea much of Mr. Pomerene's perfervid phraseology and the mental ferment behind it.

Undoubtedly the state will be entertained by the senator who was practically chosen yesterday. He is novel enough to be diverting, and at worst there is no reason to fear that he will be more unsatisfactory than Dick, whose seat he is to take.

GETTING READY FOR 1912.

No one can question the steadiness of Mr. Harmon's aim. He has drawn the weapon of his ambition upon the presidential nomination and if the game is not bagged it will be no fault of the governor's cool deliberation and patient tracking.

The recent publication of the partial plans for the Harmon siege of the Democratic national convention follows fast upon indications of an alarming defection. The New York press and the weekly periodicals which are organs of financial houses or capitalistic groups have been turning away from Mr. Harmon, not that they no longer admire and trust him, but that they have come to admire another more. Even in the darkest corner of Wall street it is admitted that the good old piratical days are gone. It will soon be impossible to bludgeon millions out of the public with a stock issue club. The game is shifting and Wall street looks for opportunity and protection under a political issue borrowed from Calhoun and made vocal by Dr. Woodrow Wilson after it has had nearly fifty years' rest. Mr. Harmon either has been slow to come to this doctrine, or has not clearly defined his position upon it. The eyes which were all for him are turning toward Wilson. It is plain that the governor is aware of the waning interest, but it's just as plain that he does not intend to be meek in adversity. He has let some of his designs be known. He has indicated that his determination is sealed in concrete. The faithless will come back. They will have to—but perhaps there will be some concessions first.

ATTACKING UNEARNED RICHES.

In the fiscal plan of Lloyd-George, which more than anything else brought about the political cataclysm in Great Britain, was a provision for the taxation of unearned increment. Tremendous fortunes, particularly in London, had been made through no effort, no improvements, on the part of ground owners. These were gifts wherein no adequate return had been made to the state, the fatherly institutions of which furnished the security that caused the making of the improvements and in turn builded the great fortunes. In Oregon there exists a strong political movement for the taxation of the unearned increment. At the last meeting of the National Municipal League was read a paper upon the subject which shows that the agitation is widening. A few sentences are reprinted:

If I own a cheap lot in a remote suburb and do nothing with it, but the city expands in that direction and people build all around me, this adds to its value many times. I have done nothing myself to make it worth any more, but the people who come and build around me have done it all. Yet I get the increased value which I have not earned, and the city, whose growth gave the value, gets nothing except a trifling tax from year to year. The city ought to have that increase and make me pay rent upon it, instead of taxing other things which I earn myself. In other words, if the city taxes what the city gives at its proper value there need be no taxes imposed on what it does not give—upon the product of industry, such as buildings, improvements and personal property.

There is an increasing demand that those who are enriched must do something to have earned their wealth—founded an industry, brought new gifts to mankind, benefited the people about them in at least some degree. The protest against the unearned increment is but a part of that demand.

LONDON'S WAR ON ANARCHY.

The raid upon the anarchists in London is made in that part of the city which might naturally be expected to produce anarchists, not in groups of a half dozen men, but by the thousands. It is the most noisome quarter in any city of a country which calls itself civilized. Rows of filthy barracks line streets through which moves a stream of hopeless outcasts, of physical and mental weaklings, of the downcast and desperate. Even the metropolitan railroads, running through this section of dismal, smoking, grimy tenements, seem to have the discouraged and cruel characteristics of the folk they serve. Only at the docks where ships from all the world come in, and in odd corners here and there, survivals of the marsh villages, are there picturesque aspects to gloss the sordid waste of humanity. The East End, so it is said, does not breed its own. It is populated from without, making the weak weaker and transforming the strong and willing into hulks.

Out of this pool has come the ferment of anarchy. The police are fighting it relentlessly, determined to stamp it out. Yet they fight but one of a thousand diseases which the East End nourishes—and that the least deadly, the least to worry a state.

DEFENDING DEFENCELESSNESS.

Some one once spoke of a certain class of literature as the school of the obvious. This designation may be employed to cover that steadily increasing torrent of books dealing with the sins of militarism, the horrors of war, the priceless boon of peace.

Such a work lies before us. With it has come a nice little press notice giving the information that the German ambassador at the court of St. James hailed the book with enthusiasm and the late Edward VII. gave it his cordial interest. One learns that this is "an entirely original presentment of the case against war, not from the sentimental, but from the economic standpoint." Again it is a thesis which "cannot be disputed." There is, indeed, no disputing any straightforward statement in the book save where the author strives to prove that soldiers are notorious thieves, drunkards and users of obscene language. That is carrying the attempt to persuade into the domain of slander. But the whole principle of military defence is not ethical; in one sense it is not economic. No one defends war. No one loves fighting except boys and the impossible heroes of historical fiction. No one wants to set up an argument after General Sherwood has told the speaker of the house of representatives: "I have seen four years of war. I want to see no more of it." All these things are but the obvious. They are accepted, unquestioned truths. No fondness for militarism makes war nowadays nor makes the institutions of army and navy. So far as concerns the United States there are but two factors which excuse the army and the navy. These are that to the east of us lie two powerful and ambitious countries, neither of which would hesitate to destroy our national integrity if we were defenceless, and one which, by the mere pressure of growing population and need of feeding it, is steeling its heart and hardening its muscles against a day when it must expand. On the west lies another country covetous of our colonies and a-hunger for Alaska. It is no jingoism to advise preparation. It is but the plainest common sense and has no fault to find with the school of the obvious, which devotes its energies and intelligence to telling of the horrors of war, but has nothing of cure for the world's avarice and crimes.

Somebody in Boston suggests cork as a suitable muzzle for the point of hatpins. The suggestion is all right; but a small potato would answer the same purpose.

It is stated that about 30 per cent of the people of New York state are insane. What a lot of bother they must have with the sane population.

Keeping everlastingly at it is good advice when you are going in the right direction.

A Happy Medium.

I don't want to be rich,
I don't want to be poor;
About half way between's
All I could endure.
Were I rich I would have
A big auto, I know,
And then over the side
Of some mountain I'd go.

Were I rich I would have
An a'roplane fast,
And puncture the earth
In a heap at last.
I would have a swift yacht,
And prowl the wild main;
Some day I'd go out
And return not again.

Were I rich I would speed
Like a swift cannon ball;
But if I'm real poor
I won't go at all.
So it's bad to be rich,
And bad to be poor;
About half way between's
All I can endure."

—Judge.

America Claims the Bean.

Harper's Weekly.

Until 1883 the bean was believed to have originated in Asia. Researches among the flora of ancient Peruvian sepulchres show that it was known in antiquity in Peru. No fewer than 50 different species have been found in the old burying places and 49 of the 50 were distinctly American. The sepulchres explored date back to the period beginning with the twelfth century and ended with the fifteenth. Within them was a great number of beans—so many that it is reasonable to suppose that beans held an important place in the agriculture of the ancient people of Peru. Probably the common dried bean of modern commerce was well known in the antique world long before the discovery of Columbus.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A REFORMER KING

International Sunday School Lesson for January 15 Is: "Asa's Good Reign in Judah." 2 Chron. 15: 1-15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"Like priest, like people;" good leaders mean good followers. It is rare for a nation to do as Portugal has lately done—get rid of an incompetent king and substitute a popular gavernment. The more usual way is that of Greece; with a king unequal to the national emergencies, the people run hither and thither, bleating piteously like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. National leaders have a grave responsibility. In the ups and downs of the history of the Chosen People we see that good kings led the nation into righteousness, and lax or evil kings corrupted it.

Certain eternal principles run through the record of the life of the Jews. That is one reason why millions of persons study the Old Testament history who know little or nothing of the contemporary Greeks and Assyrians and Babylonians and Phoenicians and Syrians. In the life of Judah and Israel we learn God's ways with nations in their collective capacity. Broad.y viewed, we see that he was trying to make them a clean and righteous people, and a people freed from the taint of idolatry, and steadfast in the worship of Jehovah. What was true of these ancient kingdoms, nearly 3,000 years ago, is true of the Christian nations today.

A Good Son's Poor Parents.

When Asa came to the throne of Israel he had no moral inheritance to speak of. Apparently his father, Abijah, while calling on Jehovah when sore pressed in war, walked in the sins of his father, Rehoboam. He left the land to his son filled with the abominations of the neighboring heathen. Even Asa's mother, Maacah, was an idolater; and we may pity the son who has not a good mother; he is worse off than the man with a foolish or wicked wife.

Real mettle is shown by the way a person deals with the natural conditions that surround him. Man-right is greater than birth-right. One may be born and bred become good, else is our religion vain. If children may be doomed by parents, then have we the nerveless and fatalistic East. Happily, nobody is domed and to walk in the way of anybody else. Every soul is a free agent. The Asas may break loose from the example and traditions of the Rehoboams and Abijahs and Maacahs.

Asa even dared remove his mother from her office as queen-mother. He destroyed the idol she had built and burnt it publicly. Loyalty to parents is one thing, but loyalty to God is another. There are no ties so sacred as those which bind the soul to Jehovah. The choice must sometimes still be made between those dear in the flesh and allegiance to the Most High. There is no peace or spiritprosperity for the life that does not put God first.

The Hurt of Bad Neighbors.

A person needs a knowledge of music in order to enjoy to the full a fine orchestra; one must know history in order to get the full benefit of travel; and to understand the story of the life of the ancient Jews it is necessary to remember the conditions which surrounded them. They were sprung from the loins of an idol-maker. Their earliest conception of Jehovah was that of a tribal or family god, quite on the order of the other local gods of their neighbors. They had been schooled in idolatrous Egypt. The peoples who dwelt near them all worshiped idols. They themselves had not got a good hold of the truth that there is but one God, universal and supreme.

Moreover—and this is important to bear in mind—the requirements of their God were more rigid than those to which their neighbors were subject in the worship of idols. The stern morality of monotheism did not sit comfortably upon them. All sorts of laxities and indulgences were not only permitted to the idolaters, but were a required part of their worship. Here we implore upon the huge and hideous subject of the immoralities associated with idolatry. The Jews did not turn so often and so readily to the worship of trees and stones and high places and images, because they cared for these things in themselves, but because their lower natures craved the practices associated with them. Immorality was the fashion among the neighbors, and the fashion easily spread to the Jews.

A Reform Administration.

Asa started out to clean up his country. He began and ended with its religion. For the only reform that counts is that which deals with the deepest motor forces of individual life. The real reformer is the true preacher. A great evangelist is worth more to the nation than a political leader. Except the people be right with God it is impossible for them to be right with one another, or with other nations.

Asa cleared a path for Jehovah's return to Judah. He cut down the heathen groves, abolished the high places, destroyed the images, drove out the men corrupted with immoral practices, and pledged his nation to the service of Jehovah. It is an eternal law that Jehovah stands by all who stand for him; so Asa had victory over his enemies. National peace followed national purification; "good times" came in the wake of good people. Godliness proved great gain. If anybody wants to see illustrations of that same truth today, let him look at Scotland and Switzerland and Sweden, in contrast with some other nations which it would not be kind to name.

When the Revival Came.

One of the most baffling of pursuits is the search for causes of political and social actions. Usually they hark back to secret stirrings of the individual heart. Asa was moved by the word of a man of God; he was heartened for his work of reform by the preacher's sermon. The teacher and the preacher never can tell what true word of theirs is going to mean a turning point in the life of a hearer, with unmeasured consequences to the world. Asa is credited in history with this era of reform; but what about the man of God who spurred him on to it?

Something like a great revival of true religion came to Judah in the wake of Asa's devotion. There was a glorious assembly, with sacrifices and rejoicings, in old Jerusalem. The friends of God with hearts made glad after long seasons of discouragements resorted to Asa from all the land. Nobody had believed that there were so many true believers left; one good result of a revival is that it brings out the godly to be counted. We read that, in addition to Asa's convocation of his own people for the worship of Jehovah, "they fell to him out of Israel in abundance when they saw that Jehovah his God was with him."

The exhortation to Asa and Judah is still good counsel for today: "Be ye strong, and let not your hands be slack; for your work shall be rewarded."

Varieties

Window glass was first used in modern times 1557.

The Transvaal produces one-third of the world's supply of gold.

The world's coal mines yield 400,000,000 tons of coal every year.

Australia is 25 times as large as the United Kingdom.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.

The average age at which women marry in England is 23½ years.

All patents in Korea have to be registered in the Japanese patent bureau.

The working power of an able-bodied man is about one-tenth that of a horse.

Aeroplanists are looking to some new alloy to lighten the weight of the flying machine.

A letter opener, mail scale and six-inch rule have been combined in a handy desk implement.

There are, in different parts of the world, altogether about 200 active volcanoes.

Herrings form the greatest harvest of the ocean. More herrings are eaten than any other fish.

Since emancipation the negro's knowledge of reading and writing has increased by 55 per cent.

Australia produced good valued at $91,222,278 last year and New Zealand $26,766,579 worth.

It is estimated that New York has 150 moving picture shows, with a seating capacity of 150,000.

The new steamer George Washington has 4,300 electric lights, with a capacity of 25-candle power each.

The czar's mail is not heavy, and the president of France has the smallest mail of all the national heads.

The gross earnings of the railroads of this country for 1908 of $2,446,535,000 were nearly double those of 1890.

Americans are now manufacturing between 600 and 800 phonographs a month in Japan.

An effort is being made near Boston to raise a rubber tree, which has been imported from Central Africa.

A pinch of borax stirred into fresh milk will keep it for some time, and also prevent the cream turning sour.

Deep breathing, which draws the blood from the brain to the lungs, is one of the most effective cures of insomnia.

Collapse of many rubber companies in which Chinese capitalists speculated has interfered with business in China.

It has been estimated that women form one-half of 1 per cent of the total number of the commercial drummers in the United States.

A commission appointed by five of the larger German states has adopted a standard system of shorthand for use in those states.

An additional regular service of steamers, to be known as La Creola, has been put on between Genoa, Italy, and Gulf of Mexico ports.

Germany, Holland, France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary, in the order named, follow next after the United States in coffee consumption.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding a quantity of raw ivory, the selling price of which is $4,250,000.

The population of Liverpool has increased from 517,951 to 760,357 in the last 15 years and in that time 48,549 dwellings have been built.

Aluminum derives its name from the word "alumen," given by early scientists to earthly substances which they could not otherwise identify.

Small quantities of Japanese canned beef are being shipped to this country for consumption by Japanese residing mostly on the Pacific coast.

German hotel keepers would rather see an American arrival than one of any other nationality. They have the reputation of being the best spenders.

Engineers are figuring on erecting a dam 700 feet high in the Grand canon of Colorado to impound sufficient water to produce 1,600,000-horsepower.

Fish refuse, granulated to resemble cod roe, is being tried out in France as bait for sardines, which rise to be caught in nets as the roe is spread upon the water.

Harbin, Manchuria, is going ahead. Banks are readily making business and real estate loans there and in Manchuria generally. Building is very brisk in Harbin.

Not only are aluminum wires for the transmission of electricity cheaper than copper, but they shed water more readily and thus are less liable to damage by sleet storms.

James Mansell, an employe of the Hastings (England) corporation, has just received his medal for taking part in the storming of the Taku forts more than 50 years ago.

In China the fiber of the sunflower stalk is woven into beautiful fabrics, and it is believed that by the use of the proper machinery it might be used most profitably in this country.

The secretary bird is so called because of the tuft of feathers over its ears, which much resemble the method generally adopted by clerks in disposing of their pens and pencils.

Tests made in Great Britain have shown that excellent paper can be made of blue gum wood. Australia possesses an enormous supply of this wood, and steps are being taken to utilize it.

Australian railway ties are being shipped to America. Seventy thousand of them were sent to the United States at the end of October and shipments to follow will bring the total to 210,000.

English scientists have perfected a new process for extracting radium from pitchblende by means of which more radium can be produced in two months than in one year by the Austrian method.

The Twentieth Century club of Boston has made the suggestion that the portrait of Julia Warde Howe painted by her son-in-law, John Elliott, be hung in Faneuil hall, "the cradle of liberty."

The giant share in the coffee consumption in 1909 fell to the United States, and amounted to 318,000 tons, against 260,000 tons in 1908; Germany consumed 170,100 tons; England 100,100, France 73,000.

The total water power of the state of New York, exclusive of that of Niagara and the St. Lawrence, is estimated at a million and a half. Eight hundred and eighty thousand of this is undeveloped.

**The home consumption of wheat per capita in this country, including seed and wheat flour (at 4½ bushels per barrel), has been as follows: 1870, 5.02 bushels; 1880, 5.52 bushels; 1890, 5.

Hope For Consumptives

We have a message of cheer for consumptives and lung sufferers—many of whom may have given up hope of ever being well and happy again. Look, listen and learn—this testimony should stir you into action.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the presentage."

DR. W. H. KNIGHT,
East Saugus, Mass.

J. A. Ward, M. D., Willing To Make Oath

Gentlemen:—

Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefits of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.

I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.

Once the remedy becomes generally known there will be but little trouble disposing of it.

You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said nothing in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.

Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by LLOYD CHEMICAL CORP., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.

The above case was far advanced in the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of menopause, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.

I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering, and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with any forms of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.

Very respectfully,
G. W. HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill.

We consider Aicsol (Lloyd) the greatest treatment of the century—entirely different from any other treatment now in existance; the most startling addition to medical science since Jenner isolated vaccine virus.

Listen and be convinced. Many patients begin its use when suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, constipation, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted bodies, loss of hope and strength, full of despair. Aren't these terribly true symptoms of dreaded consumption?

When these same patients, after a few months' use of Aicsol (Lloyd), report that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, have not an ache or pain, happy, full of praise for this marvelous treatment, it's time for you to be interested. The sworn testimony of just such remarkable results with names and addresses of these patients will be sent you. If you are not sick, cut out this ad, and send to some sufferer, or send us the name of such sufferers. All correspondence strictly confidential. Tomorrow is just so much time lost. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY AND SIMPLY SAY:—SEND ME PROOF. ACT NOW by addressing LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 600 LLOYD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings.

I have found a cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back, and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you a **complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it **will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you **suffer** if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why woman suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says —"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours; also the **book.** Write today, you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

NO MORE FAT FOLKS

Double Chins Quickly Removed

If the advice of Mae Edna Wilder is followed there will be no more fat folks in a short time. She took off 30 pounds of superfluous flesh in less than six weeks, and removed her double chin in two weeks by a treatment of her own discovery, and she generously offers to tell anyone about it who is sufficiently interested to write her. By her method there is nothing to take internally, no face straps or body bandages to be worn, no exercises or dieting, just a simple, harmless home treatment that you can use in your room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends, and as if by magic your fat rapidly disappears without inconvenience to you of any kind. She has written a book intensely interesting to fleshy people, and she will give away ten thousand copies absolutely free. The booklet tells all about her wonderful treatment, and she sends with it sworn affidavits to back up her claims. It costs you nothing to find out about this treatment, and if you have a large bust, large hips, large abdomen, a double chin, or superfluous flesh on any part of the body, and wish to get rid of it quickly, write her at once for a copy of the free book before the present edition is exhausted, and you will be agreeably surprised and pleased with what she sends you. Her address is Mae Edna Wilder, Suite 408 H, Rochester, N. Y.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN

Send 2c stamp for catalogue of RUBBER NECESSITIES, REMEDIES, APPLIANCES, TOILET ARTICLES and SUPPLIES. Do not delay. This book is of great interest to women. FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE, P. O. 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safe, to relieve some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.00. Double strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 185 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions *FREE*. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 55 Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Book of description and photos mailed sealed. Free. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 T. G., Kansas City, Mo.

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 6.—The Canadian and American sections of the International Waterways Commission met in joint session at the King Edward hotel in this city today for further discussion of the marking of the international boundary through the Great Lakes and adjoining waters.

COREY DIVORCE BLAMED

Element in Steel Corporation Was Opposed to Publicity of His Affairs.

New York, Jan. 4.—It is assumed among those who know in Wall street that the real reason for the retirement of William E. Corey from the presidency of the steel corporation, which was announced yesterday, is due to the unfavorable publicity which attended his marriage to the former musical comedy star, Mabelle Gilman.

At the time of his wedding, following a divorce from his wife, whom he had married while he was a poor employe of the company in Homestead, a certain element in the directorate of the steel corporation believed that his usefulness as head of the company had been impaired.

Public Heard Much.

Seldom have the matrimonial affairs of a man of prominence been more thoroughly aired than were those of Corey. Rumor and gossip did not stop with the marriage, but while the couple were spending their honeymoon in a French chateau the press continued to be full of their plans.

For a time it was reported that Mrs. Corey would return to the stage in grand opera and that she would operate a theatre of her own in Paris.

All of these things, so held some of the directors of the corporation, put the steel company in an unfavorable light before the public. Most of this publicity had disappeared lately, however, and the resignation coming now occasioned more surprise than it would have three years ago.

Backed by Standard Oil.

The so-called Standard Oil interests in the directorate and the Carnegie influence were reportd to be behind Corey and he stayed. His abilities as a practical steel man were not then disputed, and when he passed through that period of stress secure in his position the belief that he was slated to go waned.

Since then the Standard Oil influence has ceased to be a real power in the corporation and the opponents of Mr. Corey, who have been advocates of impeccability in the personnel of the men high up in the direction of the country's biggest corporation, have given increasing evidence of their determination to forestall all possible grounds for public criticism.

Won't Hurt Company, Says Gary.

In announcing Corey's resignation Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors, said that the strength of the organization would not be impaired by the loss of Corey from the presidency.

The announcement followed the weekly meeting of the finance committee.

The announcement made by Judge Gary contains no hint of disagreements in the official family of the corporation. Neither did it give any hint as to whether Mr. Corey's action was taken at his own volition or at the request of the dominant influences in the corporation.

Judge Gary declined last night to make any comment on the announcement made by him in the afternoon and refused to go beyond his official statement. Mr. Corey was not accessible last night, although he was at his offices during the day before the fact of his resignation became known.

MORPHINE

PAINLESS HOME TREATMENT.

We will send any one addicted to Opium, Morphine, Laudanum or other drug habit a free trial treatment of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Refractory cases solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 760, 1181 Broadway, New York

23 INDICTED

Investigation of Cause of Explosion Leads to Grand Jury Action.

Los Angeles, Jan. 6.—Twenty-three indictments were returned yesterday by the special county grand jury which has been investigating the destruction of the Los Angeles Times building, October 1.

No written report was submitted by the jurors, but 23 separate folios were passed up to Judge Bordwell in the superior court, by Foreman Charles Weir. Bench warrants were immediately issued for the indicted persons, whose names Judge Bordwell ordered kept secret.

As soon as the indictments were received Judge Bordwell instructed the special grand jury to at once start an investigation of the explosion at the Llewellyn Iron works on the morning of December 25. He then took the jurors into his chambers for a private conference.

Charge Is Wholesale Murder.

Whole sale murder, the outcome of a dynamite plot, is understood to be the charge set forth in all the indictments, but it is believed that not more thon three or four men are named in the true bills.

The return of the indictment was a sequel of a disaster, in which 21 persons perished, that excited the people of Los Angeles to a degree that for a few days bordered upon panic and resulted in the offering of rewards aggregating almost $100,000. Union labor, which the Times and its proprietors had opposed, was injected into the situation, and when the special grand jury was impaneled on October 25, it was immediately confronted with two conflicting theories.

One of these, supported by the findings of an investigating committee appointed by Mayor Alexander was that the Times plant had been blown up by dynamite, through a conspiracy. The other presented by a committee named by the state buildings trade convention then in session here, was that a gas explosion had caused the wreck.

More than 40 witnesses, the majority of them identified with the union labor movement, were summoned from San Francisco and other cities. Many labor union officials were heard In all the grand jury examined more than 200 persons, who, in the opinion of detectives working here and in San Francisco, might throw some light on the alleged murder plot.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

New York Physicians Have Many Cures to Their Credit.

New York, Jan. 11.—Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physicians of the Dr. Waterman Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. Waterman Institute, 122 East 25th St., Branch 9, New York, for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

SIGHT OF OATS KILLS HORSE

Old-Time Racer Drops Dead on Seeing Rare Feed.

New York, Jan. 9.—When a black horse wandered through Morningside Park this morning at dawn, nibbling at the dead grass at the side of the walks, Policeman Lederer overtook him and started to the station house, when he discovered hanging from the animal's neck a placard reading:

"This is a racehorse. It has run and won many races. On account of the new racing law its owner has gone broke and hopes he will fall into the hands of some good sport who will give him the care and attention he deserves."

At the station house it was agreed to take the horse to a livery stable, where the best box stall was hired. As the horse was led into the stall a hostler rushed forward with a mash of bran and a goodly supply of oats. The horse took at the feed, started forward and dropped dead.

"The sight of that food killed him," said the hostler. "That old plug ain't had a good feed for some time."

HOUSE DOORKEEPER IS HURT

Major George H. Morrissey Crushed Under Wheels.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Major George H. Morrissey, a doorkeeper of the house of representatives and well known to the present members of that body and many who have served in it in the past, was perhaps fatally injured when run over by a street car last night. Mrs. Morrissey was with him when the accident occurred.

They were on their way to church. Major Morrissey slipped and fell just as they had left the car. He rolled beneath the wheels.

ALFONSO ESCAPES

Explosion Occurs as King Enters Palace of Governor General.

Malaga, Spain. Jan. 7.—What is believed by many to have been an attempt upon the life of King Alfonso occurred during his brief visit here Thursday and threw his attendants into a state of panic.

The facts became generally known for the first time today. The king, accompanied by Premier Canalejas, General Azpar, minister of war, and Arias Miranda, minister of marine, had arrived here from Madrid en route for Melilla, for a week's stay in the Spanish town of Morocco.

Throng at Station.

At the railway station his majesty was acclaimed by a great throng that joyously followed the carriage in which he drove with the mayor to the palace of the governor-general.

Arriving at the palace, the king stepped down from the carriage and, turning for a moment, again acknowledged the salvos of applause, and then entered the palace.

As the door swung closed behind him an explosion in the crowd outside drowned the cheers. Before the alarmed and stampeded mass fully realized just what had happened gendarmes had closed in about the spot from which the report arose.

Two Are Hurt.

It was found that two persons had been slightly injured, but no other harm done. An official account of the incident says that it was unimportant.

A civilian dropped "a pistol enclosed in a box." No further details were made public.

Yesterday the king and his party boarded the royal yacht Giraldia and proceeded for Melilla. The yacht was convoyed by warships.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

12 YEARS TO GALLAGHER

Jersey Court Deals With Man Who Shot Gaynor.

New York, Jan. 4.—James J. Gallagher, who shot Mayor Gaynor last August, was sentenced yesterday to 12 years' imprisonment. He was convicted in Jersey City on an indictment charging him not with shooting Mayor Gaynor but with assaulting with itnent to kill William H. Edwards, commissioner of street cleaning of New York. The jury was out 40 minutes and the trial lasted but a portion of one day.

In addition to the 12 years Gallagher will have to stay in prison until the cost of his prosecution has been paid by prison service. He showed no emotion when the verdict was read or sentence pronounced.

Two of the men who found Gallagher guilty also served on the jury that yesterday declared him sane.

Edwards Is Witness.

Commissioner Edwards was the chief witness for the state. He recounted the scene on the deck of a trans-atlantic liner the morning when Mayor Gaynor planned to sail for Europe. He told how he had seized Gallagher an instant after the shot that wounded the mayor had been fired. Edwards grasped the prisoner about the waist to show just how he had been wounded by a second shot from Gallagher's revolver. Gallagher offered no objection to the illustration.

ALASKAN BANK GONE UNDER

Miner Depositors Will Lose $500,000 of Their Savings.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Jan. 6.—The Washington-Alaska Bank, with deposits of $1,000,000 failed today. A receiver was appointed. It is expected that creditors will receive fifty cents on the dollar.

The Washington-Alaska Bank was the biggest bank in Alaska and handled practically all the Tanana gold product, buying the dust from the miners and shipping it to the Seattle assay office.

Because this gold was shipped in care of the Washington Trust company, Seattle, the latter institution was reputed to have a financial interest in the Washington-Alaska Bank, but it acted only as agent. The suspended bank was owned altogether by northern miners. E. L. Barnette, of Seattle, was president. Barnette is one of the most prominent Tanana gold operators.

The gold product of the Tanana district has fallen off in the last two seasons because of exhaustion of the richest placers. Dredging and lode m[illegible]g has only begun.

WOMAN REGULAR POLICEMAN

Sapulpa, Okla., Jan. 5.—Sapulpa has the first woman patrol officer in the state, the new city commission having just appointed Mrs. Mabel Bassett to that position. Mrs. Bassett has been provided with a star and a regular assignment and will draw a monthly salary. She will especially look after the children, and if any of them under 16 years of age are found in the streets after 8 o'clock at night she will arrest them and take them to police headquarters in an automobile.

OLD COMMON SENSE

Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.

In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 58 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Piles Quickly Cured At Home

Instant Relief. Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure, if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a ful.-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

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No knife and its torture.

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OPPOSE CONGRESS GAIN

Cannon Would Keep Present Apportionment.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Speaker Cannon adheres to his opinion that it is unwise to increase the membership of the House of Representatives and today presented a request to the census bureau for a new series of tables showing the effect on various states of the maintenance of the present number of members, which is 391. He has been doing some figuring of his own and has reached the conclusion that, on this basis, most, if not all, of the larger states would maintain their representation.

Illinois and Ohio would stand a possibility of losing a member each, and the speaker frankly admits that he does not enjoy that prospect. Even on the old basis, New York would gain two men, and Pennsylvania would be entitled to one more on a major fraction. While by no means sanguine of success, because of the insistence of the smaller states that would lose, the speaker will do all he legitimately can to prevent any undue increase in the membership.

HOBOS TO TRAMP 360 MILES

Band Will Leave St. Louis for Milwaukee Monday.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 9.—A repetition of the march of Coxey's army, carried out on a smaller scale, is planned by Dr. James Eads How, the so-called millionaire leader of the hobos, and some of the peripatetic followers. The start is to be made from this city tomorrow and the objective point will be Milwaukee, where the hobos are to attend the annual convention of the National Brotherhood Welfare association, which is to meet in the Cream City at the end of this month.

The hobos will tramp a distance of about 360 miles. The journey will be made entirely on foot and the hobos will subsist on food begged from farmhouse doors. The party may contain a few business and professional men of St. Louis, who have announced their intention to participate in the march, partly for reasons of health and partly because of their interest in the brotherhood movement

FIND HIDDEN WEALTH

$1,300 in Old Building at Sandusky.

Sandusky, Jan. 9.—A plumber, while rummaging around in the basement of the Scott American building, Wayne and Water streets, seeking a joint with which a gas connection might be made Saturday, discovered in an old vegetable can $1,300 in currency.

The building was formely known as the Steamboat Hotel. In 1842 Charles Dickens and wife, while making an American tour, were entertained in it. Voltaire Scott, a former owner of the building, was a man of many eccentricities. He had little faith in banks and the supposition is that it was hidden away and that there is more of it under the building.

The big frame structure was recently purchased by Morris Nobil, merchant, after it had been cleared of tenants as the result of a campaign against vice waged by the city administration at the behest of numerous citizens.

The plumber took the money to the gas office and turned it over to his superior, by whom it was put into the hands of one of the descendants of the late Voltaire Scott, a man by the name of McKinley, who lives in Detroit, Mich.

Nobil, as the purchaser of the property, and the heirs of Voltaire Scott, from whom it was purchased, will become parties defendant and plaintiff respectively to a finish fight in the courts if wealth in any great amount is found in a further search of the old building.

MEN HAVE POOR NERVES

Physician Declares Them More Sensitive Than Women.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The fact accepted as absolute in medical circles throughout the world that women are much more sensitive than men, often taken as a basis in a comparison of the nervous system of the two sexes, is repudiated in toto by Dr. Enrico Serafini, a leading Italian physician. He sets forth that his research has shown him that the make-up of man is much more sensitive than that of woman, but that nervous breakdowns and general neurasthenic disorders are less apparent in him because of a more natural tendency to combat them with nature's own cure—absolute quiet and silence.

The theory of the Italian physician is that any mental activity means a corresponding activity throughout the nervous system, and each thought influences the respective nerve centers, according to the emotions and individuality. Silence is the cure he recommends, and silence, according to the physician, means not only refraining from speech, but also a self-imposed prohibition from mental occupation of any sort.

S. B. ELKINS DEAD

Senator From West Virginia Had Strikingly Full and Interesting Career.

Washington, Jan. 5.—United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, died at his home in this city at midnight last night from septic poisoning. He had been ill for some time, but, while grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his death was regarded as unexpected.

He suffered a relapse and sinking spell at 8:30 o'clock, and Dr. Francis A. Jung was hastily summoned. Senator Elkins was sinking fast when Dr. Jung arrived.

Members of his family were called to Senator Elkins' bedside several days ago, following a sinking spell which nearly resulted in his death.

Senator Elkins' death at this time, while the West Virginia legislature is in session, means the election of two Democratic senators instead of one.

Had Striking Career.

Elkins, who was secretary of war in the Harrison cabinet, was born in Perry county, Ohio, September 26, 1841. His father, who had come from the Rappahannock river, in Virginia, with his parents in 1827 and settled in Perry county, was a farmer of some substance. A few years after Stephen B. Elkins was born, his parents moved to Missouri, where the boy received a good public school education. Later he entered the State University of Missouri, from which he graduated at the head of his class in 1860.

Stephen B. Elkins was an ambitious young man and a hard worker. After his graduation he took up the study of law without a preceptor and in 1863 he was admitted to the bar During the war he joined the Union forces and for a while served on the Missouri border, with the rank of captain. The cruelty and bloodshed did not appeal to him, however, and he resigned his commission. He decided to go to the far west, but, before he had reached Arizona he returned to his home in Missouri.

After a short time Stephen Elkins again started westward, crossing the plains and eventually reaching New Mexico, then a rough and semi-barbaric border country, two-thirds of the inhabitants of which were Spanish. Mr. Elkins realized the importance of being proficient in the Spanish tongue and in less than one year he had mastered the language sufficiently to talk to his Spanish clients. In 1866 he was elected a member of the territorial legislature and in the following year he was made attorney general of New Mexico.

His first wife, whom he had married in Lexington, Mo., in 1866, having died in Santa Fe, leaving him two daughters, Mr. Elkins, while in congress, married the daughter of the then Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia. After the expiration of his term in congress, Mr. Elkins, then already a wealthy man, removed to New York, entering business upon a large scale. He became interested in extensive land deals in the west, in large tracts of coal lands in West Virginia and finally removed to West Virginia.

TAKE ALL OF BANK'S MONEY

Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 9.—When officials of the First National Bank of Elm Grove, a suburb of Wheeling, opened the institution for business today they discovered that robbers had been there during the night and taken every dollar in cash in the bank, said to be between $3,000 and $4,000.

Nitroglycerin had been placed in the door of the vault, and the safe wrapped with layers of burlap so that no noise escaped from the building when the charge was exploded.

TURN HUMAN TIDE

Catholic Society Plans Immense Scheme of Immigrant Colonization.

Chicago, Jan. 7.—One of the greatest colonization projects ever attempted, a project of international scope which will not only attempt to turn the tide of immigration from the cities to the country, but in a measure to control immigration to the United States, is being quietly pushed by an organization of the Roman Catholic clergy, with the sanction of the Catholic church. The organization is the Catholic Colonization of the United States of America. Its president and founder is the Rev. Julius E. De Voe, rastor of St. John Berchman's church, Chicago.

Object Is Three-Fold.

The object of the organization is three-fold. First, to search out the most available agricultural lands in the United States which are open to colonization and to direct immigrants to those lands through co-operation with the big land companies; second, to check undesirable immigration to the United States through co-operation with the local clergy in those foreign countries from which the great bulk of immigrants come; third, to establish a church and a school in each of the colonies formed in order to give permanence to the community.

Organized Last June.

The society was formed last June, under the leadership of Father De Voe, who was elected president and director. The first headquarters of the society will be in Chicago.

The first move of the society will be to send abroad "chaplains of colonization" to interest the Catholic clergymen of Europe in the project.

To Maintain Standard.

The local priests will be asked to keep these chaplains informed of the families within their parishes who intend to come to the United States. If the immigrants are of the desirable class the chaplains will endeavor to have them come to the agricultural colonies and stay away from the cities. If they are classed as undesirables the local clergy will endeavor to persuade them not to come.

FORMER BANKER ON TRIAL

New Orleans Man Faces Charge of Misappropriating Funds.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 9.—William A. Adler, whose checkered experiences in finance have kept him prominently in the public eye for several years, will be tried in the United States circuit court here this week on a charge of misappropriating the funds of the State Bank of New Orleans, of which he was president.

Just prior to the collapse of the bank, some two years ago, Adler fled from New Orleans on an old fruit steamer, the Alps, which he had loaded with a full cargo of provisions from the Adler Wholesale Grocery Co. The steamship was wrecked off the coast of Honduras and Adler narrowly escaped death, but finally got safely ashore.

In Honduras he was said to have recouped his fallen fortunes by means of mining properties and other ventures before he was located by the authorities and returned to New Orleans to stand trial on an indictment found against him after the bank had closed. He was tried a year ago and convicted, but the appellate court granted him a new trial.

Several weeks ago the federal grand jury returned a new indictment against him, containing charges similar to those in the first indictment, nemly, misappropriating the funds of the bank.

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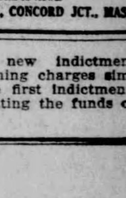

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By ELIZABETH.

PART of this Real Life Glimpse is taken from a letter recently received and contents noted. An xtract from the letter is this:

"It is the last night of the year, and, with the little ones all tucked in bed, t is a good time to let one's mind and pencil run. I do not know that I can write anything to help anyone, but here is nothing like trying, and, as I m lonesome tonight, I thought I would try.

"I think it would be fine if everyone would discourage gossip, and, when anyone tries to tell us anything unpleasant our neighbors have said about us, say in a kind way, we do not care, or want to hear it. The one that is telling it will think more of us, and we shall think more of ourselves, too, than if we joined in and told something someone had said about the one who brought the gossip.—Sally, West Virginia."

These are not the exact words of the letter, but they are very near to it and show the drift of Sally's remarks.

According to my way of thinking, Sally has the right idea. The quickest way to discourage gossips is not to encourage them with attention, or descend to the level of their conversation. An old saying goes: "A dog that will bring a bone will carry one away." The same saying applies to the man or woman who goes about tale-bearing or repeating some unpleasant thing which someone has said about someone else, thereby inviting the someone else to say something unpleasant in his turn, in order to hand back the same kind of a compliment.

It is such foolish doings for grown-ups to indulge in, and more than anything else betrays an empty mind. The workings of these empty minds will cause trouble, so long as they receive attention. When they are ignored, when tale-bearers are told to run away and stay away, until they learn better, the chances are that eventually they will get lonesome, and, wishing to come back and be forgiven, they may promise to be good and speak not at all, unless they can speak with kindness.

This is a thing not likely to happen very soon, because there are always the unredeemed ones to whom gossip is food and drink, and there are always those who will listen, either because they like to hear it, or because they lack the courage to tell the gossiper to avaurt and be gone.

There are a few who have this courage, and it was my pleasure to meet and hold converse with such an one the other day. I have forgotten how it chanced she told me of her skirmishes with these stragglers from the gossip army, but at all events she had two in one day. Both were with women, eager to tell her something to the discredit of one she has just cause to dislike, but, instead of disturbing her mind with this feeling, she has chosen the wiser way and has cast the person in question on the rubbish heap, with other disagreeable things she has forgotten.

The stragglers from gossip's army, singly and at different times, approached her, but met with repulse. Neither understood, nor could they understand if told, that the person about whom they wished to speak with malice aforethought had no existence so far as this young woman is concerned, and, knowing that the one who had no existence to this young woman was an evil-doer, viewing things from the common standpoint, they thought she would be delighted to hear something to the discredit of the non-existent one.

The first woman began to babble her gossip almost before she was within hearing distance of the young woman whom she intended to regale, according to her idea of what would be regaling to her ears.

"Please do not tell me," the young woman said. "I do not wish to hear it."

The other could not believe she was in earnest. Her attitude was so contrary to all of gossip's standards and traditions. She was inclined to insist upon telling the tale, but the young woman would have none of it.

"I do not wish to hear it," she repeated. "Please do not tell me."

The gossip was compelled to be silent or change her subject, whether she wanted to or not. It was a case where she had to do what she did not want to, because the young woman walked away and left her alone.

In a short time the incident was repeated, with the exception that the one of babbling tongue was another woman of the same stripe as the one by whom she was preceded. Again the young woman who did not wish to know walked away victorious, but with a feeling of discomfort because these skirmishes had been necessary.

"How did they act when you refused to listen?" I asked her.

"Mad," she said, "mad as fury. Probably they will never speak to me again. Well," she sighed, "I am sorry to have them angry, but I will not listen to such talk."

This was heroic treatment which required courage to give, but it is a fairly sure way to silence the tale-bearers and gossip mongers.

Sally of West Virginia, thinks it would be a fine thing if everyone would discourage gossip. It would be fine, but it is not likely that everyone will feel so inclined, immediately; too many find entertainment in it, but if those who dislike gossip will refuse to listen, less of it will be done.

It is far better to be a cheerful visitor, bringing glad tidings of peace and good will, than it is to tell things which awaken discomfort, and perhaps, stir up a row.

The pleasant-spoken one is the welcome one, you know. Take notice.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Good Deeds, as well as bad ones, like chickens come home to roost. You may rule your roost.

Clean your sidewalk, even if your neighbor does not clean his. One good cleaning may bring another.

When a woman is too much of a clinger she is likely to smother the "sturdy oak."

When you have so much to do you do not know what to do next, do nothing, until you take time to think. Haste makes waste in more ways than one.

Go your way serenely, let others' tempers be what they may.

A tranquil mind is something to work for and hold to.

Every storm blows over. So will yours. So will everyone's.

Being nice and bright and pleasant under all circumstances is no easy job, but it pays when it comes to pay day.

Home is the place to be made the best place on earth. An unhappy home is the cause of many bad effects.

Keep out of the lives of your children, if you have any, the things that hurt you when a child.

It is far better to talk of how well you feel, than of how ill. Forget to mention your ailments.

There is always something to hope for if you persist in keeping hope alive.

MARY CASSIDY MAD

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

'TWAS last night me kitchen was a scane o' rare comfort, it bein' that warm an' bright, wid the children havin' gone to their beds, me havin' two betwixt the siven o' them, which is more than some can lay claim to, an' Donovan snorin' that paceful in his chair beside the stove, an' us havin' coal enough to keep that same red hot an' creakin'.

Widout mentioning the locality where I was puttin' it on, 'twas me that was fixin' a patch for Donovan, him not bein' fit for public gaze till 'twas sewed on. 'Twas a job to keep it from puck'rin'. 'Tis me that puts on the elegant patch when I puts 'em on at all, which is not frequent. Me mind was filled wid the anxiety o' that patch, the color o' that same not matchin' Donovan's pants, when there came a loud knock on me door, it comin' that onexpected, 'twas me flew up in the air wid a screech.

"You may stay out, if 'tis you, Mary Cassidy," says I, wid exasperation, at which, she opens the door, an' walks in wid calmness, as though 'twas me that said wid manners, "you may enter."

"Are you home this evenin', Ann Donovan?" says she, wid formality.

"I am not," says I, still feelin' exasperation.

"I'll wait till you come in, then," says she, sittin' down widout me havin' gave her an invitation, an' her that impudent, an' sassy-looking,' let alone her havin' red hair.

Wid me sittin' patchin', an' Mary Cassidy sittin' rockin,' an' Donovan sittin' snorin', me kitchen was such a scane o' rare comfort, 'twas not me that could stay mad for long. Acrost to Mary Cassidy I cast me two eyes, givin' her the forgivin' look an' little wide-awake smile.

"'Tis no laughin' matter, Ann Donovan," says she, makin' a sober face.

"For why not?" says I.

"Cassidy an' me's had words. They was hard wans," says she. "I'm that mad!"

"'Tis bad news you're bringin' this night, Mary Cassidy," says I.

"It is," says she. "I've left Cassidy."

"For good?" says I.

"It couldn't be worse," says she, makin' to wipe tears offen her face wid the back o' her hand.

"Have me handkerchief," says I, passin' it wid sympathy.

"I will," says she, an' she took it.

"Are you a liar, Mary Cassidy?" says I, not knowin' if it was truth she was tellin'.

"I am not," says she. "'Tis me that'll not be sayin' all that could be spoke agen Cassidy. 'Tis enough for yous to know that wan word led to the wit, till Cassidy said he hoped he'd niver see me red head again."

"Ain't he the reckless talker!" says I.

"He is," says Mary Cassidy. "'Twill be a long day before he sets his two eyes on me red head again, or the wan that's wearin' that same."

"Dear, dear!" says I, not knowin' what else to be sayin'.

"Well do I remember the day when Cassidy said red was his favorite color for hair," says she.

"'Twas before you was married," says I.

"It was," says Mary Cassidy.

"An' now he t'rows it up at you?" says I.

"He does," says she.

"'Tis the way wid the min,' 'says I, "you have to marry 'em to get rid o' their flatt'ry."

"You do," says Mary Cassidy, "an' I done it."

"The same as me," says I, givin' wan look toward Donovan. He kep' on snorin' to beat the band.

"'Tis a hard world for us women, Ann Donovan," says she, sighin'. "Am I a liar?"

"You are not," says I, "you're a wronged woman, Mary Cassidy," says I.

"Am I?" says she, sittin' up in her chair, as if some wan had run a poker down her back an' stiffened the backbone of her.

"You are," says I. "Cassidy's no gentleman. It's a wonder you wouldn't have left him before."

"Is it!" says Mary Cassidy.

"It is," says I. "He's got the bad face on him," says I, givin' wan look at her out o' the tail o' me eye, to see how she took it. Sure 'twas hard on her.

"Has he," says she.

"He has," says I. "He's got a face on him to stop a clock, an 'it an eight day runner."

"Has he?" says she, wid dignity.

"'Tis a wonder you ever took up wid him," says I, "an' him such a poor looker.

"Is he?" says Mary Cassidy.

"He is," says I, "an' you leavin' your eight children, let alone Dennis, your youngest, to the care of such a fierce looker. Sure, he'll eat 'em alive!"

"Will he?" says Mary Cassidy.

"Be the signs o' him he will," says I.

Wid this, Mary Cassidy jumps to her feet wid a face as red as the head of her.

"He's not the worst of the bunch, Ann Donovan," says she; "there was another wan left," says she, givin' a look at Donovan. 'Twas him that gave the grand snore."

"'Tis true," says I, wid a shake o' me head; "'tis true. Cassidy's the bad wan."

Wid that, an' I never seen a madder woman, Mary Cassidy slings on her shawl an' makes for the door. A rap came on it.

"You may enter," says I, wid politeness, well knowin' who was rappin',

'Twas Cassidy, lookin' meek an' beseechin', as I well knew.

"Mary Cassidy, come home," says he.

"Wid pleasure," says she.

Wid that the two of 'em locked arms an' went out of me door.

"What do you know about that?" says Donovan, tippin' me the wink of his eye.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

GLAD TO BE ALIVE

Dear Friends, One and All—I will slip up here in this nice Cozy Corner a few moments, but I promise not to stay long, for I have been real sick and cannot sit up very long at a time. I was in bed all day Christmas, but I was happy to think I was alive.

It has been nearly a year since I wrote to The Blade. I love it so much and it is a lot of help to me. In my letter then I signed my name "Homesick," but I would rather be called Mrs. Emma, for I am not homesick now. I am intending to visit my dear father and mother at Blue Ridge, Georgia. I have not seen them for eight years.

I have three children. They all talk of Georgia and grandma, but have never seen either.

Let me tell you how "we work," my husband and I. We have a store, and when my husband gets tired of staying in it, he stays at home and does the housework, while I go to the store and run it. Of course, some of you will laugh at this, but it is so much pleasure to have a change and to be able to help each other.

Good New Year to you all.—Mrs. Emma, Missouri.

MODERN BREAD MAKING

Here is a modern way of making bread, and a receipe I have followed for almost ten years. The bread is fine grain, white, fluffy and keeps nice and moist for a week.

In a large size bread mixer, put one pint liquid (yeast and water) to three parts flour, two big tablespoonfuls of soft lard, one-half teacup of sugar; salt to taste. Stir no less than ten minutes. After it has raised to the top of the pail stir it five minutes; turn out on mixing board and divide in loaves. For five large loaves I use a five-pound lard pail for measuring and two cakes of compressed yeast dissolved in tepid warm water-five or ten minutes. I have been told the yeast foam is equally as good. I have used one brand of flour for years—the highest priced in the market. It never fails and the extra cost is compensated for by the superior quality of bread.

I always find it less trouble to stir the bread just before retiring. Keep it in a warm place over night and mold in loaves before breakfast, using one tin for each loaf. Bread should never be covered or greased after removing from the oven, but placed where the air can circulate under, over and on all sides. When cold, place in bread box and put the cover down. The old time way of making bread with scalded flour, whey or milk is all nonsense. Potatoes or potato water makes bread soggy and black. Milk makes bread dry out quickly. Using any of the last named articels is a waste of time, labor and material. I will put my bread "alongside" of any wanting to compete and if it does not win the prize, "I'll eat it."—Samantha, Montana.

NATURE'S LESSONS

Each day I receive some lesson from nature that is really as good, or better, than many sermons I have heard, for all nature is God, and if we only observe we get some fine teaching.

One morning, between dawn and sunrise, I was awakened by the song of a robin. It was so tuneful, I drew my curtain aside to see where it might be. There, very near my window, on the top of a fir tree, sat a robin, singing so merrily. Sometimes a brisk breeze swayed the treetop so he could not balance very well. At such times, he scared away, only to return to make a fresh effort, until, finally settled, he warbled his song, till he had sung his fill. Someway, it made me grateful for my many blessings and privileges if only we would express ourselves—Hazel, Portland, Oregon.

A HOME LETTER

Dear Sisters of The Blade—May I come in for a chat? My husband has been taking The Blade for four years, and I take great interest in the letters. I have often thought I would like to write a letter. I was afraid I could not write one interesting enough, but at last I have picked up courage, and if I see this in print, I shall come again.

I live in the valley of Virginia, in Augusta county, where almost all kinds of fruit grow, such as peaches, pears, plums, damsons, grapes, apples, quinces, cherries and many kinds of berries. There is more fun in picking huckleberries than in all the rest, as large crowds go in covered wagons to the mountains where they grow, and get bushels of fun as well as bushels of berries.

I have a home of a few acres, and have different kinds of fruit on it. It is a good place also for poultry and vegetables. I live close to the mountains on a large hill. From my front porch I can see 30 farmhouses, 3 churches, 1 school house, and the mountains for about 100 miles around.

Eight years ago I married a widower with seven children. Two are married and gone to homes of their own. I have two baby girls, one three years and one five months old. With the help of the children, I do all my housework. I will send a recipe for lemon crackers. I want you all to be sure to try it:

One egg, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of lard, one of sweet milk, the half of five cents worth of carbonate of ammonia, one teaspoonful of oil of lemon. Dissolve the ammonia in the sweet milk, after beating it fine. Add the egg, well beaten, and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Roll as thin as pie crust, cut in squares and bake in a hot oven.—B. D. D., Virginia.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The new year has begun well with "us folks." Good letters are being received, as you may know from the ones you see printed.

Everybody who is so inclined, come to the Cozy Corner parties with a letter. Do not be afraid you cannot write anything of interest. There is none whose life is without interest.

Many thanks for all subscriptions to The Blade. Keep on liking us.

All letters sent to this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope, where it may be easily seen. Don't forget this.

YOU NEED NO MONEY. We Trust You with Our Goods. MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED FULL-SIZE DINNER SET FREE WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.

READ AND BE CONVINCED. We Mean Every Word. THE MOST GIGANTIC OFFER OF THE CENTURY Ever Made by an Old Established House.

To gain a wider distribution for our *strictly pure*, high-grade groceries and family supplies, we now offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome, artistically floral decorated, full size

54-Piece DINNER SET for sale of ONLY 12 CANS

BELLE BAKING POWDER, giving with each pound can as premiums, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shears, Needles and *Six Cut Glass Pattern Custard Cups*, (as per plan 899 illustrated. OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT. Many other Tea, Coffee, Soap and Grocery offers equally as cheap in price. If preferred, you can have choice of hundreds of other useful premiums, such as *Toilet Sets, Furniture, Linen Sets, Graniteware, Lamps, Etc.*, or we will pay large CASH COMMISSION. Best of all,

NO MONEY IS NEEDED. WE PREPAY FREIGHT

on everything to your nearest Railroad Station, allowing plenty of time to examine and deliver before paying us. *Write at once for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT* and other things. If you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this adv. WE ALSO GIVE ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR APPOINTING ONE OR MORE AGENTS TO WORK FOR US. NO LICENSE NEEDED. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both free. Estab. 1897. Write today THE PURE FOOD CO. 509 Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

Special FREE Present

We give a Granite Kitchen Set or 10-Piece Toilet Set, *free* of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and ask for this Free Present.

FROM THE CHILDREN

The picture of the little girl up a tree, was taken from the paper called, Our Dumb Animals. Her nickname is Tommy, and the reason she is up a tree is this: In the country there are still to be heard the real old-fashioned morning concerts of the sweet-singing native birds. Tommy has her own original way of attending these concerts. She says that they always sound best from up in a tree. Most of the birds even if they naturally feed on the ground like to sit up pretty high to sing and Tommy says that the songs sound much better where they are coming from all around instead of from overhead. You seem to be right amongst them and furthermore it is a fact that the birds do not seem to be so much afraid of a person in a tree as they are on the ground. When Tommy sits still up on her favorite branch some of the little orchestra frequently come and sing close by. This is news from Georgia.

LISTENING TO THE BIRDS.

Dear Blade—I am a boy, 8 years old. My mamma has been taking The Blade for about four years. I always enjoy the children's letters very much. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. I also attend Sunday school twice almost every Sunday. I have two sisters. One is 6 and the other is 3. They like to play with their dolls and Teddy bears. For pets I have a pony and a cat. I call the pony Diamond and the cat Tab. As this is my first letter, I will close, hoping to see this in print. I will sign my real name.—Guy Robertson, West Virginia.

Dear Girls and Boys—I am 12 years old. My father takes The Toledo Blade. I am in the fifth grade and I live in Elmira. I would like to have some of the girls of my age write to me. I have one pet and it is a cat. Her name is Fritz. I am taking music lessons on the piano. I am in a little club which is called the Jolly Six. Yours truly.—Carolyn Howe, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Friends of The Blade—I am 14 years old. I have brown eyes and black hair. I have four sisters and three brothers. We live on a farm three miles west of Columbus. I love to read the letters, and I read the continued stories. Your letters are interesting. Make this new year better than the last. Help others to be happy by speaking some kind word or by doing some little deed of kindness. We can make others happy if we try. Be kind; always speak a kind word. Do any of the happy band of M. G. R.'s love reading? I love reading such books as St. Elmo, The Fast Mail and The Beach Patrol. They are interesting and teach good lessons. This is my first letter. I will not stay too long. I hope it will not find the waste basket. Good bye.—Edith Rich, Columbus, Ind.

Dear Blade—This is my first letter. I am a boy 15 years old. I have just finished reading my first Blade. I have taken many important hints from it. I am a farmor's boy; I help my father on the farm. I have two brothers and one little sister at home. I have a happy little home. I have two dogs. heye are good dogs. As this is my first letter to The Blade, I will make it short. I wish every boy and girl good wishes.—Obe Homrich, Cressmont, West Virginia.

Dear Boys and Girls—As I have not seen anything from these parts, I thought I would write. I am a farmer's girl, 12 years of age and go to school. I have one brother and one sister. Their names are Taylor and Leta. My papa takes The Blade. I enjoy reading it very much. I am always glad when it comes. I live in a beautiful valley, 4½ miles from Marion, the county seat of Smyth county. Well, as this is my first letter to The Blade, I will close, an dsign my real name.—Susie Box, Virginia.

Dear Editor and Boys and Girls, of The Toledo Blade—I have seen only one letter from Michigan, so I thought I would write. I go to school and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Alice Tripp. She taught here the year before last and she gave prizes for the one that got the most marks in spelling. You see, we spell head and foot—that is, the one that goes to the head and goes down the most times gets a prize. I have won four altogether.

We have the cutest dog you ever saw. Her name is Jip. She can climb up and down a ladder in the barn, and when she comes into the house she takes two or three of my father's mittens in her mouth and runs around with them. I have one sister and two brothers. There is quite a lot of snow on the ground now. I have had two or three sleighrides since it snowed. There was a cat that came here a little while. It was white with striped spots on it. It had blue eyes, with a large, bushy tail. We have two little calves. One is black with white spots and the other is red. Now I must close. I am 11 years old.—Helen Ure, Michigan.

Dear Blade—I am a little boy, 7 years old. I go to the Benton school. I am in the second grade. I go to the Christian Sunday school. I have a gold pin for regular attendance. I live with my grandma. I have a kitty and some pet bantams. My mamma is a teacher in an Indian school in Colorado. This is my first letter, so I will not make it too long.—Roderick Carle, Kirksville, Missouri.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can.
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

My Dear Friends—It has been some time since I was welcomed to your society but I have not been asleep all this time. I have been listening to what others have had to say about themselves and their surroundings, and now, will some one please listen to what I have to say about my home. I am only 17 years old, but I am sure you will overlook my mistakes.

At the outlet of Lake Ontario and at the entrance to the St. Lawrence river, lies a group of islands, which for natural beauty, variety of scenery and changing aspect, are unsurpassed, and whose like is not to be found elsewhere in the world. Here at every turn the eyes are met by miniature islands, singly and in groups, resplendent with all the beauty and charm of groves or densest thickets.

Islands are everywhere. Hundreds and hundreds of them, till the reckoning is lost in the thousand, from which the district is named. There are islands whose pristine beauty is, as yet, untouched by the hand of man. Islands where the tireless ingenuity and careful workmanship of artists and architects, have reared structures of quaint and delightful form.

When the day is spent, a new wonderland appears. Lights begin to twinkle and are reflected in a witchery of black and white. From there to shore, appear blazes or brightnesses, reflected in dancing lights and shadows by the twinkling waters below—all interspersed with impenetrable masses of black.

Characterized by such scenes as these who can wonder that a group of islands, once unnoticed and considered no value, should be transformed into one of the most frequented and popular summer resorts of the United States?

What could be more delightful than from the vantage of one of the pleasure craft, to glide swiftly through one of nature's most beautiful scenes, passing through intricate channels and by innumerable emerald isles of varied size and form, many of them dotted with picturesque cottages and castles.

The Thousand Islands have become a favored locality for the wealthy citizens of this country and Canada. Millions of dollars have been lavished on summer homes, fashioned to suit the owners' whims and ideas of beauty and comfort. Numerous hotels can be found among the islands, all combining the elaborate comfort and service to be obtained elsewhere, only in hostelries of a large metropolis.

Now, this is a full description of the Thousand Islands. Would you not like to come and spend your summer vacation with me? You would never forget some of the evening features. Good-bye, I may call again. Your unknown friend, Zuba McAvoy, New York.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a Hoosier Girl to your circle? I enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters very much, and feel that I should like to see a letter of mine printed in this column. We have taken The Blade for some time and think we could not do without it.

I live within a quarter of a mile of the little town of Kollen, Indiana. We have two stores, a schoolhouse, the Christian church, postoffice, depot and several dwelling houses. We have a railroad and a turnpike road that run through our little town. I am 19 years old, and have three brothers but no sisters.

A Happy Girl from Old Virginia, please write again. You say you are a member of the Baptist church and think it the best church on earth. Please write and tell us why you think it is better than the other churches? I think one church is as good as another. You will think from the way I write I am not a member of any church, but I am. I belong to the Christian church. I think people can be good in any church. Well, I have written enough for this time, so will bring my letter to a close.—Grace Horn, Indiana.

Friends of the M. G. R.—I had not thought of the time passing so fast until a few days ago I was wondering when I had written to the good, old Blade and found it was a long time ago. I have been busy, and time flies fast when we are not thinking about it. Please remember, I am always with you, even if I do not give my opinions on the interesting subjects which are discussed. I think I can get more out of them by keeping still.

I passed an examination in the past spring and received a diploma which promotes me from the eighth grade to the high school, but I do not believe I shall go to high school, as I think I can learn more in the country school. I am 16 years old, and I expect to teach as soon as possible. I think that will suit me better than any other profession.

We are having very cold weather in this part of the country. The ground has been covered with an average of six inches of snow for about one month.

With pleasant wishes to everyone—West Virginia Sunbeam.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Quite a little heap of M. G. R. letters have arrived since the beginning of the New Year and most of them are very good ones.

If it chances your first letter to this column is not printed, do not be discouraged. Try again.

Remember, Household Editor should be written on the envelope of all letters sent to this page.

This is all for today.

Rick-Rack.

Wide rick-rack braid is "stylish for trimming underwear, aprons, and gingham gowns. The braid is sewed straight around the edge on the under side, so that one half the point shows like a pretty scallop.

The habit of fault-finding is a habit not to encourage. It makes a very rapid growth.

Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe

No Remedy at any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and ½ pint of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of $2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to the Pinex Co., 242 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

POETS' CORNER

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER

(Author Unknown.)

One clear day in autumn in '77,
General Gates stood before his tent,
Watching upon two armies,
As death upon them bent.

The foliage of the wood, tinge with purple and gold,
The legions' rifle shot glimmered and blazed,
With a loud thunder, and the smoke that arose,
Hid the deep scars the bayonets blazed.

Suddenly, the officers, startled and struck with surprise,
Saw the appearance of a man and a horse,
The horse, black as death, leaps among them wild,
And up the cliff with enormous force.

Look! he draws his sword as he points to the distant battle,
And lo! he is gone to fight, ready to live or die,
Is it not a magnificent sight to see them,
As thro 'battle and death they fly?

The unknown reins his steed,
A band of militia men are going to part,
But he shouts: "Now, cowards, advance another step,
And I'll strike you down to the heart."

"What! are you American men?
And before British soldiers fly?
Back again, and face them,
Or by my own hands you shall die.'

The British general shouts: "Now upon the rebels, charge!"
At this instant his soldiers furiously, forward sprung,
A sound is heard, a smoke is seen and the fall of twenty Britons,
As shot are among them flung.

The steed fell dead, pierced by the shot,
But now the war is done,
The rider was pierced by a cannon ball,
But he shouts: "Saratoga is won!"

Can you tell who the rider of the black horse was?
That victory had so followed around?
The name of the unknown was Benedict Arnold,
Who, being wounded, had fallen to the ground.

COUNTRY LIFE

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways are never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town
The vane is seaward blowing;
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
In land with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it;
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window vines which clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe?

Happy the man who tills the field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best and strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago,
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plow.

THIS, TOO, WILL PASS AWAY

By L. W. Smith.

When some great sorrow, like a mighty river,
Flows through your life with peace-destroying power,
And dearest things are swept from sight forever,
Say to your aching heart each trying hour,
This, too, this, too, will pass away.

CHORUS.

Thank God, that earthly things are not forever,
Thank God, eternal life is free from care;
That joy and peace and gladness reigning ever,
And bliss supreme shall never, never pass away.

When ceaseless toil has hushed your song of gladness
And you have grown almost too tired to pray,
Let this truth banish from your heart its sadness,
And ease the burdens of each trying day,
This, too, this, too, will pass away.

When fortune smiles, and full of mirth and pleasure,
The days are flitting by without a care,
Lest you should rest with only earthly treasure,
Let these few words their fullest import bear,
This, too, this, too, will pass away.

When earnest labor brings you fame and glory,
And all earth's noblest ones upon you smile,
Remember that life's longest, grandest story,
Fills but a moment in earth's little while,
This, too, this, too, will pass away.

THE HONEYSUCKLE GLEN

(Author Unknown.)

In the honeysuckle glen, where odors sweet
Perfume the breeze that floats along,
Where the rosy tints of morn with blushes greet
The lark as she trills her song,
In the honeysuckle glen, secluded far,
The home of nature's fairest bowers,
Where with mild and gentle light the evening stars
Look forth on the dewy flowers.

CHORUS.

Lily! Lily! wake again
From the sleep in the honeysuckle glen;
Lily! dearest! all is o'er,
Thou wilt return no more.

In the honeysuckle glen I've wandered now
For many weary years alone,
Oh, I never more shall see her angel brow,
Or list to her winning tone;
But the parting words she spoke I'll cherish still,
And wear them on my breaking heart
'Til we meet upon that shore, our sorrows o'er,
Where loved ones no more shall part.

POEMS REQUESTED

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelope of all letters intended for this page.

Please be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which were asked.

A poem is wanted which has these lines: Far, far away, o'er the deep blue sea, lived a man who has kind and kind. It is by Frances Eastwood.

The song called Dolly Gray is asked for. The first line is: I have come to say goodby, Dolly Gray.

The song which has the following lines is wanted: Twenty long years I've been married, wish I had died an old maid.

The old- time patriotic poem, Boston Tea Party, is asked for. First line is: King George once sat high on his family throne.

A poem called The Soldier's Tear, is requested. The ending of one verse is: Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear.

Health For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Coloma, Wisconsin.—"For three years I was troubled with female weakness, irregularities, backache and bearing down pains. I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking several bottles I found it was helping me, and I must say that I am perfectly well now and can not thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. John Wentland, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 60, Coloma, Wisconsin.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

ECZEMA KILLED SLEEP

"I suffered with eczema for one year. First of all there were small white pimples on my left hand and I had to scratch until the blood came. Then they would puff up and water would run out. Wherever this water would run there would be more pimples until my whole left hand was a mass of sores. Then my other hand became affected and they were like pieces of raw meat. Then it came on my face, neck and under my right arm so that I was unable to raise my arm for two weeks. It became so bad that I was obliged to give up work. About four months ago I started to doctor and the doctor told me it was eczema. So he told me to get —— ointment and soap. I used them for a month and they didn't do me one bit of good, so I tried another doctor. He gave me three different kinds of medicines but did not help me. I was unable to sleep at night and I gave up all hope until I decided to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent and I am cured. Miss Nora Shultz, 243 N. Third St., Reading, Pa., Jan. 4 and 7, 1909."

$3.50 Receipt Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excess, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2323 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Cured of Fits

$2.50 Treatment Free

Men, women and children have been quickly and permanently cured of Fits, Epilepsy, Nervous and Falling Spells by the Brain and Nerve restoratives of a prominent Battle Creek, (Mich.) Doctor.

One woman writes of her son: "He has not had an attack since taking the first month's treatment." A man says: "I did not have a single spell after beginning the treatment." A woman writes: "You cured me of those terrible fits."

Hundred show marked improvement from the Free Trial Treatment alone. Write today for this trial treatment ($2.50 worth, FREE) and prove the cure to your own satisfaction

Address Dr. Peebles Institute, 501 Madison Street, Battle Creek, Michigan.

HER-CU-LIN STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN

HER-CU-LIN the giant developer for men's Vitality quickly gives results. If you still have ambition to enjoy life get Her-cu-lin the "New Direct Method." Powerful Virile invigoration quickly secured. Strongest kind of endorsements from cured men. $1.00 [illegible] 10 cents brings you full proving size at once. Write H. OSWALD CO., 318-24 W. 42d St., New York.

FITS

EPILEPSY or Falling Sickness.

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and **Free Bottle** of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give **immediate and successful relief.** I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. **W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.**

ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms.

Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D. Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.**

The Urine Must Be Tested

in all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver and Digestive organs, including Rheumatism, or the treatment will be an experiment. I test urine Free. Mailing Case for urine sent on request. Consultation and opinion free.

DR. J. F. SHAFER, Specialist. 497 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are successfully treated by RABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue **Free** by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY
1177 Holland Building St. Louis, Mo.

Danville, Ill., Jan. 5.—Excitement and fatigue attending the signing of their pension vouchers contributed to the sudden deaths of Isaac S. Clark and Patrick Regan, members of the Soldiers' home yesterday. Both dropped dead soon after signing the papers.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time.

This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE COUPON

Mark location of Rupture on Diagram and mail to

DR. W. S. RICE
521 Main St., Adams, N. Y

Age.....
Time Ruptured.....
Cause of Rupture.....

Name.....
Address.....

WOOL MEN FEAR A LOWER TARIFF

Say in National Convention Reduction Would Ruin Sheep Industry.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 7.—Yesterday's task in the Wool Growers' national convention was to formulate a basis of agreement between the manufacturers and the wool growers with a view to combatting revision of the tariff.

Delegates to the convention, almost as a unit, declare that a reduction of the tariff would ruin the sheep industry of the United States.

President Gooding and others say the best results of the convention will be the incorporation of the Wool Growers' association into a militant defensive body.

"The subject assigned me is 'Schedule X (of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill) from the wool growers' point of view,'" said Peter J. Johnston, of Blackfoot, Idaho, addressing the convention.

"I realize that this is very intricate and one with which very few men are familiar.

Cost of Production Higher.

"In the humble judgment of your fellow wool growers the sheep industry and the western country in general, would have been millions of dollars better off if the Payne-Aldrich tariff law had been destroyed by the president's veto. During the last 10 years the cost of production has increased fully 11 cents per pound. We do not have enough protection. The tariff commission as recently appointed, is endeavoring to get squarely at the facts."

The speaker said a business organization is necessary to protect the interests of the wool growers. Continuing, he said:

"Most of us who have had the forest reserve to deal with have suffered from the 'Pinchot rule and regulation plague,' a disease unknown until the advent of bureaucracy in our United States government, but we had to suffer and will continue to suffer until we have, as other great interests have, a powerful organization as a means of cure and defense.

"We are here to try the experiment for the first time, of bringing the wool growers and manufacturers together to see if they cannot make their interests mutual.

Would Inform President.

"Theodore Roosevelt declared that we ate up all the grass and destroyed the land. I wish he had postponed that saying until after November 8, 1910, and it would not have been taken so seriously. But now that mild-mannered gentleman, President Taft, following in the wake left by his illustrious predecessor, President Roosevelt, jumps onto us. I say that it is the last straw and more than we can bear. He should be told of it, and in no uncertain way. He is fair, and all we want is a square deal.

"The forest reserves were rapidly created by President Roosevelt at the urgent request of Chief Forester Pinchot. His regulations took the place of every law, written or unwritten. Pinchot cried out to the people that their rights were being monopolized. Ex-Secretary Garfield joined him in this. Well, in every age of the world, men with higher regard for their own theories than for the law have followed just about such a course, and that was really the base of the controversy between the secretary of the interior, Mr. Ballinger and the chief forester, Mr. Pinchot.

"For Mr. Pinchot personally I have a very high regard and believe him to be an honest gentleman, but his enthusiasm ran away with his judgment and his theories were stronger than his knowledge of the law."

JOINS LORIMER WAR

New York Senator Will Help Beveridge and Burton Against Illinoisan.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Senator Elihu Root, of New York, yesterday joined Beveridge, of Indiana, and Burton, of Ohio, in their effort to unseat Senator Lorimer, of Illinois..

By this act, Senator Root practically severed his relation with the reactionary group, known as the old guard, and the financial interests which the old guard has defended. For the reactionaries, prodded on by "the interests," have been aroused to desperate efforts to preserve the seat of Senator Lorimer.

The death of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, this week brought home to the old guard a distressing realization that the power of this reactionary group, which reached its height at the time the Aldrich tariff bill was put through, is menaced. The vote of Lorimer now more than ever is necessary to preserve the little strength remaining and from now on every effort will be made to sidetrack the plan to oust him from the senate.

Those Who Retire.

Senators Aldrich and Hale retire after March 4. So do Burrows, Carter, Depew, Dick, Scott and Kean. And the list here is still incomplete. In two years the Republican majority in the senate has fallen from 30 to 8. By the elimination of some reactionary Democrats the power of the reactionary group has fallen even more rapidly in the last ten months.

Senator Elkins had cheerful human qualities which made him one of the best liked men in the senate. But his influence was generally on the side of the old reactionary group. The realization that the strength of this group is nearly gone is believed to be responsible for the surprising amount of influence brought to bear on the senate to permit the whitewash of Lorimer to slide through.

Until Senator Burton came out with an announcement last week that he would fight the whitewashing of Lorimer, the reactionary group was fairly confident that Lorimer could be saved. Since then this chance has failed rapidly, until little hope of putting through the whitewash report remains.

SEE END OF CANAL SLIDES

Panama Workers Believe Worst of Avalanche Over.

Washington, Jan. 6.—The canal workers on the isthmus believe they see the end of the great earth slides in the Culebra cut. This slide began in April, 1908, and with periods of quiescence, has been going on ever since.

December 4 there was a heavy slide at Las Cascadas, but a much larger break occurred on the 13th, before the material from the first break had been removed. This last slide, which wiped out the railroad tracks and half filled the canal prism, increased the total amount of earth which has descended from the heights in the cut to seven and a half acres.

EXCITED OVER GAS WELL

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 6.—A telegram from Upton, Wyo., about 50 miles southwest of Lead, S. D., says there is much excitement there over the striking of a strong flow of natural gas yesterday in a well sunk by F. L. Young inside the city limits.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine Raised Me From the Grave"—Mrs. Taylor

This is a strong statement to make, but it is exactly what Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Blum, Texas, said in expressing her opinion of this remedy.

"Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine raised me from the grave and I have much confidence in it. I can never say enough for your grand medicines. If anyone had offered me $100.00 for the second bottle of Nervine that I used I would have said 'no indeed.'"
MRS. THOMAS TAYLOR,
Blum, Tex.

Nervous exhaustion is a common occurence of modern life. The wear and tear on the nervous system is greater now than at any time since the world began. For sleeplessness, poor appetite and that "run down" feeling, nothing is so good as

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Your nerves are your life and lack of vital energy makes existence a misery. Dr. Miles' Nervine will tone up your nervous system.

Ask any druggist. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

POMERENE IN NO HURRY

Will Serve as Lieut. Governor Until Day Before He Becomes Senator.

Columbus, Jan. 6.—Atlee Pomerene will take the oath of office as lieutenant governor next Monday and serve in that capacity until March 3, when he will resign to be sworn in as United States senator the next day.

Pomerene made this announcement himself at noon, after conference with Governor Harmon, and just before leaving for his home in Canton. Pomerene wil return to Columbus tomorrow to attend the Jackson day banquet at which the Harmon presidential boom will be launched.

Election Official on Wednesday.

Mr. Pomerene will not be a senator-elect until Wednesday, January 11, two days after his inauguration as lieutenant governor. Next Tuesday the state senate and house of representatives, in separate session, will vote for candidates for United States senator. Wednesday the two bodies will meet together and the result officially declared.

The 88 Democrats who participated in the caucus yesterday and Representative Frank Hillenkamp, Toledo Independent-Democrat, who refused to take part, will vote for Pomerene. The 64 Republican assemblymen will cast complimentary votes for Myron T. Herrick, Charles Dick, Harry A. Daugherty and other prominent men of the party whom they may wish to honor.

The nomination of Pomerene was the dramatic climax of a campaign that involved the countless changes of a kaleidoscope. Not until the last man on the roll call had voted was the result known. It required 45 votes to nominate. The roll was called in alphabetical order, and Representative Charles Wyman, of Shelby county, was at the tail of the list. Before his name was called, 44 votes had been cast for Pomerene and 44 scattering for other candidates. It was up to Wyman to deadlock the caucus, which was the Finley-O'Dwyer organization game, or vote for Pomerene.

The organization had pledges from several legislators that, after the first ballot they would vote for another candidate. Every eye was focused on the little legislator from Shelby, until he broke the death-like silence and enunciated:

"Atlee Pomerene."

Above the storm of applause that broke loose, Representative William E. Donson, of Dayton, one of the Hanley campaign managers shouted: "It will kill the Democratic party."

Change Votes to Pomerene.

Before Chairman R. M. Billingslea could restore a semblance of order, 22 legislators who had voted for other candidates leaped simultaneously for the Pomerene band wagon. They were clamoring for permission to change their vote.

"Don't be in a hurry. I will give you all a chance to climb in," shouted the chairman above the tumult, whacking his ivory gavel.

The result, as officially announced after the changes had been made, was: Pomerene, 67; Edward W. Hanley, 9; Timothy T. Ansberry, 5; Carl C. Anderson, 2; James Kilbourn, 1; John J. Lentz, 1; M. A. Daugherty, 1; Dennis D. Donovan, 1; James E. Campbell, 3.

NO SIR, I CAN'T GET APPENDICITIS

I Can Eat All I Want to Now; I'm Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

At last here is INSTANT relief from all bowel and stomach trouble and from the danger of getting Appendicitis. A simple German method described in the ADLER-I-KA BOOK, all as simple as A, B, C, and absolutely sure.

No more wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea, heavy feeling after eating. No more being afraid of getting the treacherous Appendicitis. Eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought.

Write you name below, enclose a 2c stamp, and you will get the famous ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2c stamp. Address: **Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.**

Name.....

Address.....

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Jan. 10.—Wheat developments showed so little new from yesterday early in the session that there was nothing upon which to base a definite opinion. Cables were rather disappointing to bull interests. At Chicago traders appeared rather active in efforts to bring about a reaction. Toledo cash opened unchanged at $1; May ¼c higher at $1.03⅝, and July ¼c down at 98⅜c.

Dullness marked the later hours and at the end of the session prices were about the same as on Monday. Prices moved within a half cent range. Cash closed unchanged at $1.00, May c down at $1.03⅜ and July ¼c off at 98⅜c.

With advices from Argentine not quite so unfavorable, corn opened rather weak. Seaboard exporters report sales abroad the best for some time. Toledo May opened at 51⅝c and July at 52⅜c.

Corn closes were precisely the same as Monday's final figures.

Oats values were lower along with other grains. May was quoted at 37⅞c and July at 37½c on the call.

Cash oats closed at 35½c, May at 37⅞c and July at 37½c.

An advance of 2½c in the near clover seed futures did not hold long. Cash, Jan., Feb. and March opened at $9.25, April at $8.90 and October at $7.75, the two remote futures being steady most of the morning.

Following the slight initial break, clover seed showed practically no further changes.

Cash prices are based on grain in elevators at Toledo, all charges paid.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan.10.	Close Jan.9.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00	....	99½	1.00	1.00
May	1.03⅜	....	1.03⅛	1.03⅜	1.03½
July	98⅞	....	98	98⅜	98½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	49	49
May	51⅝	....	....	52	52
July	52¼	....	....	53	53
Oats—					
Casr	....	....	....	35½	35½
May	37⅞	....	37⅞	37⅞	38
July	37½	....	....	37½	37½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.25	....	....	9.22½	9.22½
Jan.	9.25	....	....	9.22½	9.22½
Feb.	9.25	....	....	9.22½	9.22½
March	9.25	....	....	9.22½	9.22½
April	8.90	....	....	8.90	8.90
Oct.	7.75	....	....	7.77½	7.75
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.30	9.30
March	....	....	....	9.40	9.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.01¼	1.01½	1.00⅝	1.01⅛	1.01⅝
July	96⅜	96¾	96	96½	96¼
Sept.	95	....	94½	95¼	94⅞
Corn—					
May	50	50⅝	49⅝	50¼	50
July	50⅝	51¼	50⅝	51¼	50⅝
Sept.	51⅝	51¾	51½	51⅝	51⅝
Oats—					
May	34⅞	35	34⅜	34⅞	34⅞
July	34⅞	....	34⅜	34⅜	34⅜
Sept.	34	....	33⅝	33⅞	33½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.06⅛	....	1.05½	1.05⅝	1.06¼
July	1.06½	....	....	1.05⅝	1.06⅜

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.01⅝	1.02	....	1.01⅞	7.01⅝
July	95⅝	....	....	95⅝	95⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.08¼	1.08¾
July	....	....	....	1.08⅝	1.08⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.09⅜	1.10
July	....	....	....	1.10½	1.10¼

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	99¼	99¾
July	....	....	....	1.00¼	1.00⅝

CHICAO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	20.32	....	....	20.10	20.27
May	19.20	19.30	19.00	19.07	19.22
July	19.00	19.07	....	18.75	19.00
Lard—					
Jan.	10.62	....	10.57	10.60	10.65
May	10.30	....	....	10.37	10.32
July	10.20	....	....	10.07	10.27
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.65	....	....	10.72	10.67
May	10.10	....	....	10.27	10.12
Sept.	....	....	....	9.95	10.10

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 10.—(Wall Street)—The strength of Canadian Pacific on its increased dividend was a notable feature of the stock market at the opening. Fifteen hundred shares sold at 202½, an advance of 5½ points over yesterday's close. The stock soon made a further advance. Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie gained a point. The tone of the general list was irregular with a sprinkling of gains and losses. Some heaviness was shown by United States Steel.

The market became reactionary and prices declined moderately with pressure directed especially against United States Steel, Reading, Union Pacific and Amalgamated Copper. The lower level uncovered buying orders in sufficient volume to check the decline, and there was a general recovery, under the leadership of Canadian Pacific, which advanced further to 203⅝, an over-night gain of approximately six points.

Prices were irregular and inclined to be heavy throughout the morning and the market was dull. The increase in the dividend on Canadian Pacific at this time came as a surprise, as it was not expected until February. Room traders were tempted to sell the stock short on account of the sensational character of its rise, but showed some timidity in doing so, on account of the well known scarcity of the floating supply. Copper shares were heavy, reflecting a decline in future abroad. United States steel was relatively firm in advance of the publication of monthly figures of unfilled orders which showed a decrease of 85,556 tons compared with November. The bond market was irregular.

Prices were on a slightly higher level after midday, and United States steel sold at 75¼c, following the publication of the monthly report of unfilled tonnage as compared with 74⅝c in the morning. The upward movement in the general list was not so pronounced, but the tone was good. The continued strength of Canadian Pacific which crossed 205, facilitated the recovery.

New York Stocks.

Strength of Canadian Pacific following Monday's announcement of an increase in the dividend rate from 8 to 10 caused the main talk on New York stocks Tuesday. The price of the issue was put up about 7 points during the day. Trading was not liberal and the market showed a new loss of about 1 point.

New York, Jan. 10, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com.	39¾	39⅝	39½	39¼
Atchison	102⅝	102⅝	102⅜	102⅜
Am. Car. and F. Co.	52½	52½	51⅝	51⅝
Amal. Copper	63⅞	64⅜	63⅛	63⅛
Am. Smelters	75⅞	76¼	74⅝	74⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	47½	47½	47½	47½
Am. Tel. and Tel.	142	142	141⅝	141⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Am. Cotton Oil	56⅝	56⅝	56	56¼
Am. Beet Sugar	42	42⅝	40⅝	41
Balt. and Ohio	104¼	104¼	106	106
Blyn. R. Trans.	76⅝	76⅝	75⅝	75⅝
Cast. I. Pipe com.	15	15	15	15
Cast I. Pipe pfd.	51	51	50¼	50¼
Chicago and G. W.	22⅝	22⅝	22⅜	22⅜
Chicago G. W. pfd.	46	46	46	46
Canadian Pac.	202½	205¼	201⅜	204⅛
Clover Leaf	23¾	23⅝	23⅝	23⅝
Coolrado Fuel	31½	31½	31½	31½
Ches. and Ohio	82⅜	82⅜	81½	81⅞
Central Leather	31½	31⅝	29	29¼
Consolidated Gas	140¼	141⅜	139¼	139⅝
Can pfd.	78¼	78¼	77⅛	77⅛
Corn Product com	14¼	14⅜	13⅜	13⅜
Del. & Hudson	167½	167½	167	167½
Distillers Sec.	33½	33½	32½	33½
Erie com.	28	28	28	28
Erie 1st pfd.	46¼	46⅜	46¼	46¼
Gt. Northern pfd.	126	126	125¼	125¼
Gt. Northern Ore.	58	58	58	58
Interborough com.	19½	19½	19¼	19¼
Interborough pfd.	54	54	53⅝	53⅝
K. C. Sou com.	33	33	32⅝	32⅝
Louis. & Nash.	144⅜	145	144½	144½
Missouri Pacific	47	48	47	47⅛
M. S. M.	135⅝	135⅝	134½	134½
Nor. Pacific	118½	118½	117½	117⅝
Nat'l Lead	55¼	55¼	55	55
Nevada Con's.	19½	19⅝	18⅞	18⅞
Northwestern Ore.	142⅜	142⅜	142½	142½
North Am. Co.	64	64	64	64
N. Y. Central	111⅜	111¼	110⅞	110⅞
N. & W. com.	101⅞	101⅞	101⅜	101⅜
N. & W. Con. 4s	102⅜	102⅜	102⅜	102⅜
Ont. & Western	42½	42½	42½	42¼
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	32	32	31½	31½
Penn. Ry.	129½	129½	128⅝	128⅝
Pacific Mail	28⅛	29	28	29
People's Gas Co.	107	107	107	107
Reading com.	156	156⅛	155¼	155⅝
Rock Island	30½	30½	29⅜	29⅝
Rock Island pfd.	60⅝	60⅝	60⅜	60⅝
Rep. I. & S. Co.	32	32	32	32
South. Ry. com.	26½	26⅝	26¼	26¼
South. Ry. pfd.	62	62	62	62
St. Paul	125¼	125½	124¼	124⅝
South. Pacific	115⅝	116⅛	115⅝	115⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4's	97⅝	97⅝	97⅝	97½
Texas Pacific	26	26	26	26
Tenn. Copper	34⅜	34⅝	33½	33½
Union Pacific	173⅞	174⅜	173	173⅛
Union Pacific pfd.	93⅜	93⅜	93½	93½
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	104⅜	104½	104	104
U. S. Steel	74⅜	75¼	74	74
U. S. Steel pfd.	118	118⅞	118	118⅛
U. S. Steel 5's	104¼	104⅜	103⅞	104
U. S. Rubber com.	36½	36½	36⅛	36⅛
Utah Copper	46⅞	46⅞	46	46
Virginia Chem.	63½	63⅝	63	63
Western Md.	50¼	50⅝	50¼	50⅝
Wabash com.	16¼	16⅜	15⅞	15⅝
Wabash pfd.	34⅜	34⅝	33⅝	33½
Western Union	75	75	74½	74½

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 10.—Hog receipts were fair and the market ruled weak. Cattle and other live stock was unchanged.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.10@8.15; good mediums, $8.10@8.15; heavy yorkers, $8.15@8.25; light yorkers, $8.25@8.40; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.10@8.15; good pigs, $8.40@8.50; bulk of sales, $8.15@8.20; stags and roughs, $6.50@7.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.75@6.00; fair to good steers, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light, $4.25@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; prime bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna bulls, $3.25@3.50; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.25@4.75; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.75; fair to good feeders, $5.00@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $25@55.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $5.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; choice lambs, $6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.50; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pailfed, $4.00@6.00.

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the coupon below to us. Return mail will bring you, prepaid and in plain wrapper, this remarkable 3-fold remedy which is curing cases of every degree of suffering, including cases of 30 and 40 years standing, after doctors and even operations had utterly failed, as well as all the milder stages. After you get this treatment and try it, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. **We accept your decision as final.** Could we possibly make an offer which would show stronger faith in the goodness of our remedy? Don't delay, but send in this coupon today, now.

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Good for a $1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's COMPLETE 3-FOLD TREATMENT to be sent FREE ON APPROVAL, as explained above, to

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.....

Mail this coupon today to **Dr. Van Vleck Co., W B 2 Majestic Bldg., JACKSON, MICH.** Return post will bring the $1 package on Trial

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 10.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars, steady; pigs and lights, $8.50; yorkers and mixed, $8.50; heavy, $8.20. Calves—$10.25. Lambs—$6.25. Cattle—$4.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 10.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 5,500; market steady; beeves, $4.65@7.00; Texas steers, $4.15@5.30; western steers, $4.25@5.90; stockers and feeders, $3.65@5.70; cows and heifers, $2.55@6.25; calves, $7.00@9.25.

Hogs—Receipts estimated at 25,000; market slow and 5c lower; light, $7.80@8.10; mixed, $7.80@8.10; heavy, $7.80@8.10; rough, $7.80@7.90; good to choice heavy, $7.90@8.10; pigs, $7.50@8.10; bulk of sales, $8.00@8.05.

Sheep—Receipts estimated at 17,000; market steady; native, $2.50@4.45; western, $2.65@4.40; yearlings, $4.60@5.70; lambs, native, $4.75@6.50; western, $5.00@6.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Jan. 10.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts 2,300; active; heavy, $8.20@8.25; mixed, $8.25@8.30; mediums, $8.30@8.35; yorkers, $8.35@8.40; lights, $8.40@8.45; pigs, $8.00@8.65. Sheep—Steady; $4.40 down; top lambs, $6.50. Calves—Lower; $10.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 10.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Bnestead)—Cattle, three cars; market steady. Hogs, 40 cars; market steady; heavy, $8.30; yorkers, $8.30@8.40; pigs, $8.65. Sheep, 20 cars; market steady; best lambs, $6.40@6.50; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; wethers, $4.25@4.50; ewes, $4.00@4.15. Calves, $5.00@10.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 30c; solid pack, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 24@25c; dairy, prime, 23@24c; packing stock, 17c; oleo, 12@22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15½c; New York state, 16c; brick, 16@17c; limburger, 17@18c.

Eggs—Storage, 25c; candled, 27c; strictly fresh, fancy, 30@32c.

Onions—Spanish, $5 lb. crate, $1.40; homegrown, 100 lbs., $1.60.

Celery—Michigan, 35@50c; Boston market, bunch, 35@40c; California, 7-doz. bunch crate, $4.25.

Lettuce—12c; head, Boston, doz., $1.20@1.50; Florida, hamper, $4.00.

Cauliflower—California, case, $3.50.

Spinach—Boston, $1.00.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $1.75@2.00.

Tomatoes—4 basket crate, $4.75.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 2@2½c.

Potatoes—50c. Bermuda, bbl., $6.50.

Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, hamper, $1.25; Jersey, kiln dried, bbl., $3.75.

Turnips—Bu., 40c.

Rutabagas—80 lbs., 50c.

Cabbage—Home grown, lb., 1c; ton, $18.00.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, 25c; Parsley, doz. bunches, 12½c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.25.

Parsnips—Bbl., $1.50.

Cranberries—Oak bog, bbl., $8.00@8.25; late Howes, bbl., $10.00@10.50.

Bananas—Bunch $1.00@1.75.

Apples—Baldwin, No. 1, $4.50; No. 2, $3.50@3.75; Spies, No. 1, $5.00; Ben Davis, $4.00; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.00@2.50.

Lemons—California, $2.50@3.75.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@2.75. Navels, $2.50@2.75.

Pineapples—Box, $3.50.

Grape Fruit—Box, $3.00@4.00.

Tangerine—Half stror, $2.50.

Grapes—Almeria, bbl., $6.50@7.50.

Figs—Pound, 11c, 12c and 13c.

Dates—Fard, 11; Khad, bulk, 6½c.

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r., 416 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

25 Valentine Post Cards 10c

THE BEST YOU EVER SAW

25 NO TWO ALIKE

25 of the most beautiful post cards ever sold, 10 cents. All different, consisting of dainty Cupids, Hearts, Doves, Lovers, Text and Floral designs. Far better than our Christmas cards, and they were beauties. Some are embossed and in gold, lithographed in many colors on a fine grade of cardboard.

V. HERMAN & CO. 2430 North Halsted St., Dept. 443, CHICAGO

STEM SET STEM WIND **WATCH** RING & CHAIN **FREE**

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

A positively guaranteed STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, PLATED WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 25 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an imi. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Chain.

PAULSON WATCH CO., Dept. CHICAGO

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 12 packages of our beautiful high grade gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c pkg. Return us the $1.20 we have collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not plated, but a fine wedding ring.

THE NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Train Your Colt in 8 Hours—Break Your Horse of Any Bad Habits

by my simple method. I can teach you to break any colt in 8 hours thru my wonderful mail system, or break your horse of any bad habits, such as balking, kicking, shying, being afraid of automobiles; in fact, any habit can be cured by my method.

Instructions complete and simple; mastered in a short time with little study.

$1,200 to $3,000 a Year

At Home or Traveling

Several of my pupils are making big money giving exhibitions in different cities. Others train horses at home, making $15 to $25 a head. You can do the same.

I have graduate pupils in every walk in life—Farmers, Professional Horse Trainers, Horse Breeders, Riding Masters, Teamsters, etc.

I have two courses—one, "How to Train a Colt to Drive, and Break Horses of Bad Habits"—the other, "How to Ride and Train the Saddle Horse; Different Gaits and Fancy Steps."

Let me send you my **Free Book** on horses, and the opportunities open to you. Write today, now, while you think of it, for **Free Book.** Also tell me about your horse. (4)

Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 35 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

$25 weekly and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. Emery, W.F. 69, Chicago, Ill.

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

Used Golden Remedy, The Great Home Treatment For Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee Or Food.

Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
761 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of olden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

DRUNKENNESS

The steady or periodical (spree) drinker **can be cured in 3 days** with his knowledge. Or secretly. Mine is guaranteed, lifelong cure. **Gentle, pleasant,** perfectly harmless. It does not matter how heavy a drinker he is or for how many years. This is the **genuine home Treatment,** medically endorsed and proved by a legion of testimonials. Book and particulars **free,** postpaid. Address EDWARD J. WOODS, **534 Sixth Avenue.** 490 D New York, N. Y.

DR. R. CONLEY'S ORANGE LILY SUPPOSITORIES

LADIES
WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a **50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

FREE NOVELS 6 GREAT BOOKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS. 1. Rice Corner, 2 Kitty Craig's Life in New York, by Mary J. Holmes. 3. My Mother's Rival, 4. Coralie, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 5. A Little Irish Girl, by "The Duchess." 6 Two Men and a Question, by Anna Katherine Green. These are 6 corking stories by four great authors. They are also separate books and are offered to introduce our great illustrated monthly paper. Send 25c for a year's subscription and be extra to help pay postage, etc., or 50c, and we will send you all six of these books & our paper for a year. Everyday Life, 43 Chicago

BIG BANK IS CLOSED

Carnegie Trust Co. Shut by State Official.

New York, Jan. 7.—The Carnegie Trust Co. was closed this morning by direction of the state superintendent of banks, Cheney. It has a capital of $1,500,000 and deposits aggregating about $10,000,000.

The institution was in serious trouble in the panic of 1907, and has never fully recovered. Its late president, Mr. Dickinson, died last year under peculiar circumstances.

The institution was organized in 1907, and after the retirement of Leslie Shaw from the office of Secretary of the treasury he became its president. The naem of Carnegie ah applied to teh institution attracted to it a great deal of attention, but the adoption of its name was without Mr. Carnegie's authority or approval. It is understood he was not a stockholder and not immediately identified with it. Mr. Shaw's connection with the bank ceased after a few months because of differences with the other officers of the institution.

72 YEAR TO DELIVER IT.

Uncle Sam Hands Letter to a Grandniece of Addressee.

New York, Jan. 7.—Uncle Sam set a new record in postal service when he delivered yesterday at Yonkers a letter sent from Geneva, N. Y., on April 29, 1838. Yonkers is 335 miles from Geneva. It took the letter 72 years to travel the distance, an average of 5 miles a year.

Both the sender of the letter and the man to whom it was addressed are dead, the latter 40 years ago.

Mrs. Walter Paddock received the letter. She is a grandniece of D. O. Paddock, to whom the letter was addressed. Mrs. Paddock had never seen him.

LOVE GETS COLLEGE HARVEST

Wellesley Girls Disprove Theory That Graduates Don't Marry.

Wellesley, Mass., Jan. 7.—Members of the senior and junior classes at Wellesley college have been busy during their Christmas holidays in disposing of the pessimistic assertion that college graduates do not marry. Twenty engagement rings are proudly worn by members of the two upper classes since their return from the holidays and they have been telling their less fortunate but inquiring sisters how and when and why it happened.

FREEZES IN SPLASH OF FLIER

Rider Is Drenched Every Time Fast Train Takes Water.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 7.—With his clothing frozen to the platform of the car Harry Davis, aged 30, an electrician of Johnstown, arrived here last night on the New York special over the Pennsy. He was almost dead from exposure when he was pried loose and arrested for trespassing.

Davis boarded the train at Pittsburg to ride home; but the train was going so fast and he was so benumbed by the intense cold that he would not risk jumping at Johnstown.

Every time the engine took water "on the fly" the wash would fly back on him, drenching him to the skin and then freeze. His hands are badly frozen, and amputation may be necessary.

MAY NOT FILL PLACE

Steel Trust Likely to Do Without President.

New York, Jan. 5.—William Ellis Corey appeared at his offices in the Empire building as usual yesterday but refused to discuss his resignation. The question whether a successor is to be appointed or the office abolished is still an open one and for that reason there was little interest in Wall street today in the gossip over candidates for the presidency.

The directors will hold their next meeting January 31, when the resignation will bep resented, but it is not definitely known whether Mr. Corey's services will be dispensed with immediately thereafter or whether action will be deferred until the annual meeting of the stockholders has been held.

As to the election of a successor to the retiring president, the choice of rumor for the place is First Vice President W. B. Dickson. Mr. Dickson is another of the old Carnegie men and has been frequently in charge of the operating end of the corporation during President Corey's absences.

Gary Is Silent.

Second Vice President David G. Kerr, formerly in charge of the iron ore department, is also spoken of as being next in line among the executive officers, but the belief that a manufacturing steel man would be chosen for the place has brought in the names of President Dinkey, of the Carnegie Steel Company, and of President Buffington, of the Illinois Steel company. The latter are considered probable candidates for the new vice presidencies which will be created should the office of president be abandoned.

SEE GERMAN-RUSSIAN PACT

Purported Agreement on Persia Published in London.

London, Jan. 6.—An evening paper publishes what purports to be the text of an agreement between Russia and Germany on Presian affairs and supposed to be a result of the meeeting of Emperor William and Emperor Nicholas at Potsdam last November.

According to the text printed, Germany disclaims any political interest in Persia and recognizes Russia's interests in northern Persia. Russia on her part agrees to co-operate in building the long-proposed Bagdad railway and its branches and to give German commerce in Persia equality of treatment.

This important pact quite likely will be resented by France and Great Britain as disloyalty on Russia's part to their entente.

LEADS FIGHT ON LORIMER

Senator Beveridge to Try to Oust Illinois Senator.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Every day that elapses before the final struggle for the unseating or establishing of Senator Lorimer in the senate adds to the strength of the opposition to his right as a member of that body.

At the next session of the senate, Monday afternoon, Beveridge, of Indiana, a member of the committee on privileges and elections, will introduce a minority report repudiating the whitewash of the majority and declaring his opinion that the seat was obtained through fraud and corruption, and is, therefore, vacant.

Indianan Takes Initiative.

This action on the part of the senator from Indiana was all that was needed to give coherence to the fight against the "blonde boss" of Chicago. Senator Borah, of Idaho, a prominent insurgent, but not a member of the committee, was ready to bring in a resolution declaring the seat vacant in case Beveridge did not come to the point, and many insurgents and Democrats, aided by such regular Republicans as Burton, of Ohio, the President's state, were ready to support him. But that movement lacked definiteness because there was no minority report from the committee around which to rally.

Senator Beveridge has now brought himself to the point of taking the initiative and the whole fight against Lorimer will line up behind him.

SECOND FORTUNE FOR PAINTER

Left $200,000 by Rich Uncle, Is Also Heir to $92,000.

Conneaut, Jan. 9.—James Ferguson, of this city, has received word that he has again fallen heir to a fortune, the latest one being estimated at $92,000.

Ferguson is the painter who was discovered to be long sought for heir of James Bolster Ferguson one of 40 miners who died in San Francisco eight years ago, leaving an estate valued at $200,000 to Ferguson. After an eight-year search by attorneys he was located in this city. He has been getting ready to go to California to claim his estate when word reached him Saturday that he is the heir to another fortune left by an in uncle in New York city.

Ferguson already has made plans how he intends to spend some of his fortune, now amounting to $200,000. He will erect a handsome home along the shores of Lake Erie near this city. He also will take his family, consisting of his wife and two children for a tour of this country after which he will visit Europe.

ACQUIT WOMAN OF MURDER

Mrs. Govare Escapes Conviction for Killing of Sheriff.

Detroit, Jan. 9.—Mrs. August Govare, of Mt. Clemens, was acquitted late Saturday of complicity in the killing of the late Sheriff Matthews, of Macomb county. Sheriff Matthews was shot and killed at the Govare home in Mt. Clemens the night of December 1, when he called to serve a complaint on August Govare for a misdemeanor. The shooting was done by Mrs. Govare's 15-year-old son, Benny, at Mrs. Govare's order.

The defense claimed that in the absence of her husband Mrs. Govare was afraid to believe the man who was pounding at an unusued door was the sheriff.

The trial of the boy Benny has not yet taken place.

ALIEN BUGS COME TO HELP

Cargo Brought From Calcutta to Fight Orange Grove Pest.

Boston, Jan. 7.—The British steamer Inveric, which arrived today from Calcutta, has in her cargo boxes containing thousands of bugs from the Orient. They are parasites to be used against insects infesting orange groves. J. P. Rossa, of the United States Bureau of Entomology is the consignee of the bugs.

COPPER INTERESTS TO MERGE

New York, Jan. 5.—What is regarded in financial circles as another step toward the eventual consolidation of the several large groups of copper interests was taken today, when the stockholders of the American Smelting & Refining Co. met to authorize an increase of capital stock from $100,000,000 to $115,000,000, in order to convert the newly authorized $15,000,000 6 per cent debenture bonds of the American Smelter Securities Co.

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: "I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weak esses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Thin Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Acne a, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore strength and there to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Head Troubles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Losses or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enrichinr the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.) I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula. I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. Send today.

This Bottle is Absolutely Free! It will never be offered again. Write me today. If you are satisfied the first month's treatment has done you good, you can buy more; if not, the trial bottle is yours free. Don't suffer another day with sickness and ailments that I can relieve you of so quickly and cheaply. Don't delay. Write me today. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address. Write plainly.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 72 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

We are giving away **ABSOLUTEY FREE OF CHARGE** a regular full size package of our world famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured, with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor,—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak run-down condition.

If you have any of these same symptoms, **something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.**

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "I don't amount to anythin —it will go away of itself," —and some day, all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read about and hear of all around you every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys or Female Organs when it's **really the Heart that's causing all the trouble,** and that's getting worse every day though they don't even suspect it.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, **write us today for this full free treatment and book.** We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid, and there will be

Directing Advisor Clearwater
Head of the famous Heart Cure Co.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or trial, but a **generous, genuine, regular full-size treatment** and it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you **without cost** what this grand treatment will do.

No matter how bad you are afflicted or how many doctors have given you up, or how many medicines have failed to help you, if you think Heart Disease incurable — no matter if some common doctor has told you you can't be cured, be fair to your self, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it. Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, as the publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Read our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TODAY. We will send you the full Free Treatment and Illustrated Book at once. Address,

HEART CURE CO.,
HEART SPECIALISTS,
330 Masonic Building,
Hallowell, Maine.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to *any one* of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE.

Do you tire easily?
Do you lack energy?
Do you have Headache?
Does your Heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down"?
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak sinking spells?
Are you nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
Do you have pains in your Heart, side or shoulder blade?

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
330 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your Free Book.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

HEIRESS FOUND IN HALLROOM

Girl Almost Penniless When She Gets $20,000 Bequest.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4.—Mamie Miller, a 25-year-old girl, will arrive here tomorrow, almost penniless, to claim property worth $20,000. It required a week's persistent search in Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia to locate her, as she did not know of her mother's death and the good fortune awaiting her.

When Mrs. Fannie Miller died of heart disease, Christmas eve, lawyers began to seek for the daughter, who three months before had gone to Baltimore. Agents could not locate her, but a little advertisement attracted the attention of a Frederick (Md.) lawyer, who found her before nightfall. She had been living in a little hallroom and her money was almost gone. It is believed that a quarrel with her mother caused the girl to leave Baltimore.

PAYS JILTED GIRL 2,000 DIMES

Former Suitor, Beaten in Court, Pours Damage in Her Lap.

Brockton, Mass., Jan. 7.—When pretty Celia Stein agreed to accept $200 in payment of a $2,000 judgment awarded her by the court, Abraham Myers, the defendant in the breach of promise suit, laid 2,000 bright new dimes in her lap.

Myers appeared at the office of Miss Stein's attorney with a large parcel. He walked over to his former sweet heart and put it in her lap. The parcel was so heavy that it fell to the floor and a quart of dimes rolled out. Myers grinned and waited patiently until the young woman and her attorney counted the 2,000 dimes.

STRAUS QUITS TURKEY POST

Ambassador to Russia, Rockhill, Likely to Succeed.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Oscar Solomon Straus, of New York, former cabinet minister and for more than a year and a half ambassador to Turkey, has resigned his post at Constantinople.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Straus intended severing his connection with the diplomatic service, but it did not develop until Saturday that he had actually resigned. Early in November he was granted leave of absence and during the past two months has been in New York.

William W. Rockhill, the present ambassador to Russia, is likely to succeed him, although several other names are under consideration.

Instant Relief for the DEAF

Accept Our Offer Today

Deaf or partially deaf people need no longer suffer all the agonies, inconveniences and embarrassments which they have had to endure, when they can test for themselves the Electrophone on

30 Days Home Trial

The Electrophone is nee almost Invisible Less conspicuous than eyeglasses.

Send us the coupon below for particulars of our service test offer. Get an Electrophone and try it for a full month in your home. See for yourself how clear and distinct it will make all sounds. Take it to the church or theatre with you, sit in the back row if you like, and enjoy every word, every note. It has marvelous sound magnifying powers. Investigate how easily it overcomes ear noises. Let it take the place of trumpets, ear drums and other similar contrivances which are old fashioned, out of date and often very harmful. The Electrophone has been a God-send and a blessing to many thousands of deaf people. Can be worn as easily as a watch, leaving both hands free. Put it to any test you please for a month and prove to your own satisfaction that it can amply meet your every demand. By that time you can judge for yourself whether it has proved itself almost invaluable like it has to so many others.

Read these letters

"I think the Electrophone is the best device for people that are hard of hearing that there is on the market as I have tried everything I ever saw advertised." *W. A. Haggin, Union, Ia.*

"If it could not be replaced nothing short of a load of lead would compel me to part with it. Enclose self addressed envelope and stamp and I will cheerfully give anyone information within my knowledge." *R. T. Roberts, Sidnaw, Mich. Roycraft Farm.*

The latest improved Electrophone cost over $40,000 to perfect Let us send you a perfect instrument as provided for some of the crowned Heads of Europe and other foreign countries.

Send coupon now **for offer and long list of satisfied users. Stolz Electrophone Co., 581 Stewart Bldg., 92 State St., Chicago.**

Your name.....
Address.....
Send me, without obligation on my part, full particulars of your Service Test of a latest improved Stolz Electrophone.
Stolz Electrophone Co., 581 Stewart Bldg., 92 State St., Chicago

NO ENEMY SUNK MAINE

Explosion Came From Inside Battleship Is Now Belief of Engineers.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The war department is receiving reports from those engaged in raising the sunken battleship Maine from Havana harbor, which, according to the engineers in charge, suggest that the disaster was due to an internal explosion and not to an external agency.

In the mud and silt in which the hull of the battleship lies buried have been found great quantities of coal and the bones of some of the crew of the ship who met their death when the explosion came and the ship sank.

Blast in Airtight Closet.

Engineer officers think the coal and the bodies of the men were blown from the battleship by an explosion in one of the airtight compartments in which was stored powder or other explosives. They do not think the coal could have been blown from the hull of the battleship by an outside explosion.

Spanish authorities have contended always that the sinking of the Maine was the result of an internal explosion. It was the popular belief in this country that some Spaniard had wrecked the Maine through the use of a mine or some high explosive, because of this country's sympathy for Cuba. The wave of indignation that swept over the country precipitated the war with Spain.

DRAWS COLOR LINE IN DRINKS

State's Attorney to Prosecute Saloons That Serve Both Races.

Baltimore, Jan. 7.—State's Attorney Owens announced in court here today that he would not permit the continuance of saloons in which whites and negroes have been allowed to drink together. Such places are to be closed as disorderly houses.

The announcement was made in the case of a negro charged with assaulting a white man in a saloon frequented by members of the two races.

BOY IS SLAIN 'PLAYING DEITZ"

Companion Shoots Lad Imitating Cameron Dam Defender.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 4.—The story of John Deitz and his defense of the Cameron Dam was the cause of the accidental death in New Brighton Sunday morning of Peter Reshetar, 16 years old. Reshetar had gone out to the home of a chum, Vlademar Milnar Saturday night, the boys intending to go rabbit hunting in the morning. The two were amusing each other in the kitchen of the house about 8 o'clock.

"I'm John Deitz," said Peter, "come on and capture me."

The fatal shot resulted.

$50,000 IN MAIL IS STOLEN

Bags Are Taken on Way From Frisco to Oakland.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 6.—Three bags of registered mail, with contents valued at $50,000, have been stolen during the last few days in San Francisco on the journey across the harbor to Oakland, according to the Call.

"The stolen sacks," the Call says, "contained late Christmas shipments and money orders, drafts, checks and currency forwarded by local banks to close their year's accounts in the east and northwest. The loss will fall most heavily on the banks."

TO SETTLE BOUNDARY DISPUTE

Portland, Ore., Jan. 6.—The members of the joint state commission of Oregon and Washington appointed to determine the boundary dispute between the two states met today preliminary to taking a trip down the Columbia river to visit the disputed territory which consists chiefly of islands in the lower Columbia. Important fishing rights are involved in the dispute.

TEXAS FIELD TRIALS

Taylor, Texas, Jan. 5.—The annual field trials of the Texas Breeders club began today on the Stiles ranch, near this city. The program of the meet extends over two days with the Derby stake and the all-age stake as the principal events.

QUITS THE AIR TO WED

Blanche Stuart Scott Bride of Dayton Automaker.

Dayton, Jan. 5.—For the brief space of two weeks America had a woman aviator in the person of Miss Blanche Stuart Scott, of Rochester, N. Y. But because Miss Scott suddenly became Mrs. Lucian Tuttle, of this city, there is a vacancy.

Mrs. Tuttle, as Miss Blanche Scott, achieved fame last summer by driving an auto across the continent without a male escort in 41 days. When she reached the Pacific Coast she made a short flight in F. B. Rochrig's biplane. The experience led her to seek out Glenn H. Curtiss. He engaged her as one of his professional aviators. After a week's practice she made several successful flights in Hammondsport. Then she was sent to fill an exhibition date in Fort Wayne, Ind. On her way back east to fill another engagement she stopped off in Dayton to visit in the home of the Tuttles, principal owners of the Stoddard-Dayton automobile factory.

Two days later Mr. Curtiss received a telegram asking him to release her from her contract, which he did by telegraph, and threw in his blessing of her marriage to Lucian Tuttle.

CAT'S YOUTH IS WILL PROBLEM

If It Dies "Young," Woman Directs, Society Gets Money.

North Adams, Mass., Jan. 7.—"How old is a cat when it is young?" and "What is the natural life of a cat?"

Mark E. Couch propounded to Probate Judge Edward T. Slocum these and similar questions in a petition asking for an interpretation of the will of the late Mary J. Cross.

The will, written by Mrs. Cross herself, provides for the "food and kindly care" of Teddy, her pet cat, "during his natural life," and "should he die young I desire the interest given to the Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

At the end of ten years the principal is to go to three nieces, whoever cares for the cat.

TO DRAPE STATUES AT CAPITOL

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 5.—The classic statues which George Gray Barnard executed in marble for the main entrance of the state capitol are to be chastely draped. This announcement was made last night by G. Piccarelli, the head of the firm which is erecting the groups.

Piccarelli said that rough marble would be used to drape the statues and that it would be fastened with bronze pins in such a manner as to fit the lines of the figures, but that in his own belief such treatment was marring the beauty of the forms.

SAYS SOUL WAS IN HEAVEN

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 5.—Mark Fitzgerald, a farmer near Truro, claims he has been raised from the dead. He declares that while his soul was in heaven he promised the Lord if permitted to return to earth he would devote his entire time to religious works. He is selling his stock and preparing to devote himself to religious work as he promised. He is 40 years old, prominent and wealthy.

KENTUCKY HORSE BREEDERS

Lexington Ky., Jan. 5.—Plans to advance the horse breeding industry in Kentucky were discussed at a conference of prominent farmers and breeders held at the state college of agriculture today. The conference was one of a series of gatherings held in connection with the celebration of farmers' week at the state college.

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3	1	18	4	19				
6	18	5	5					

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SHOT NEAR HEART, WALKS

Boys Goes Home for Medical Aid After Bullet Pierces Body.

Sharon, Pa., Jan. 6.—The accidental discharge of a rifle while he was husking corn sent a bullet through the breast of Herman Runker, 10, near here the other day. The lad continued working and felt no pain until his brother saw blood trickling through a hole in the back of his coat. Then he walked to his home, where a doctor was called and dressed the wound. The bullet passed through the region of the heart and lungs without tearing either. The doctor stated that he was doubtful if there was another case of record where the circumstances are similar without producing death.

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